

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

MAY 27



P. and A. Photos

Nanette (left), Rin Tin Tin (right), and Little Rinette

In This Issue • Chapter 1 of a New Serial by Samuel Merwin • Stories
by Gladys Blake and C. A. Stephens • A Disclosure by Ben Friedman

PERRY MASON COMPANY, BOSTON
10 cents a copy \$2.00 a year



Tough Enough!

This baseball is World Series caliber. Can't rip and won't scuff. It's made to order for the American boy who spits on his hands and steps into a fast one. It's waterproof and likes the mud. Buy the Flexyde for \$1.25 and you're set for the summer. If your dealer is sold out, write the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California

FLEXYDE

BASEBALL

IVER JOHNSON

BICYCLES



The Diary of an Iver Johnson boy

July 6—Got up early, met the bunch and rode to Bald Top Mountain. Camped all day. Had lots of fun.

July 10—Circus in town. Bicycle came in handy. Have been running errands for the boss canvasman. Making lots of "jack." Saw the clowns make up.

July 15—Rode over with Jim, Harry and Pete to Spoon River. Had a good swim and eat. Camped out all night. Slept fine. Up early and cooked breakfast. I won the race coming home.

July 21—The bunch had a meeting and planned a week's trip. We plan to cover over two hundred miles. We've got all the road maps. And we've picked out our camping spots. Expect to have a great time.

Have your vacation fun!

THAT'S when you need an Iver Johnson Bicycle—the leader for speed, easy pedaling, durability and good looks.

Frame and fork made of high carbon seamless steel tubing. The two-piece crank set and two-point ball bearings reduce friction and take the work out of pedaling. Vital parts

drop-forged. Five coats of Special Iver Johnson enamel baked on—then hand rubbed. All the nickel plating done over copper. Color choice of Blue, Maroon or Black with "Duco" white head. Best guaranteed equipment. These features have made Iver Johnson Bicycles world-famous for beauty, speed and strength.

BOYS—write for handsome color catalog

Write at once for free Catalog "B" showing the Iver Johnson models and giving information that will help you get Dad to make you a present of the world's standard bicycle.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
21 River St., Fitchburg, Mass. New York, 151 Chambers St.
Chicago, 108 W. Lake St. San Francisco, 717 Market St.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Subscription Price: \$2.00 a Year in advance for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 for foreign countries. When asking for a change of address, please give the old as well as the new address.

Remittances: Bank Check or Draft, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter; no other way by mail is safe. Send all mail to the General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Manuscripts: Send to The Editors, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. MSS. will be given ordinary care, but return is not guaranteed. Keep a carbon copy of all MSS. you send to publishers.

Published Weekly by

PERRY MASON COMPANY

Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Publication Office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H.

Miscellany

BALLAD OF A BARGAIN DAY

By Ruby Weyburn Tobias

Within the purse of Sally Brown

A crisp new greenback lay

Waiting in darkness for the town

Of Brookfield's bargain day.

Now, all through breakfast it reposed

In folds quite circumspect

And heard (although the clasp was closed)

A plan to this effect:

"To Martin's first, and then to Tate's,

To Simon's, and to Jones',

For satins, silks, and chocolates,

And rings, and ice-cream cones."

The proud bill in the little purse

Crackled in sheer delight,

Spending itself for frocks and furs

And everything in sight!

All day it shared excitedly

In Sally's bargainings—

At Tate's, selecting carefully

Ten gorgeous diamond rings.

At Simon's and at Jones' she chose

Twelve shimmering satin frocks,

And slippers, hats, and silken hose,

A dozen to the box.

At Martin's store she lingered till

She found a coat of fur;

And all the while the dollar bill

Went happily with her,

Until at last it ventured forth,

Well spent, a thousand times,

And met some pins, a quarter's worth,

Five cents and seven dimes!

The five cents bought some lemon drops,

One dime turned into thread,

And five were spent in little shops

For butter and for bread.

The last one bought a heavenly smile

From little crippled Joe,

Delivered in the proper style,

And rare, as bargains go.

Oh, bargain days can furnish wings

To dollar bills, it seems,

And change them into lovely things—

Bread, butter, smiles, and dreams!

LAMPS AND LIGHTS

No doubt the foolish virgins of whom Christ told us in the parable had excellent lamps. If there were changing styles in lamps, these girls very likely had the latest, most attractive and most popular. Some of the lamps may have been old, genuine antiques, family heirlooms, greatly cherished and proudly displayed. The old ones were doubtless well polished. It was an important occasion, and the lamps were all in good order.

They lacked only oil; and there came a time when there was need of oil.

Having had a share in perhaps a thousand weddings, it does not surprise this writer that five of the virgins forgot something. Bridesmaids frequently do. And what was more easily forgotten than oil? Oil was such messy stuff, and so liable to soil a wedding garment. There surely would be other girls there with more oil than they needed. It would be easy, they may have thought, to borrow some when it was needed. Unfortunately it was not. There is something tragic in the preparation which had filled the minds of these girls for weeks beforehand, but which lacked the one thing which they were most certain to require.

All in all, we are doing quite enough for the outside of life. We spend quite enough for automobiles and amusements and for such comfort and culture as we have. But the spiritual requisites of life are not cheaply borrowed at a minute's notice at the midnight hour of need.

No man can ride in two automobiles at once, and no young woman has need of more than one fur coat at any one time. We soon reach the limit of the good that can accrue to us from material things. They have their value. They are not to be despised. The wedding feast and the wedding garment and the wedding festivity are all legitimate. But none of them are marketable in exchange for oil.

These were in all probability very attractive girls. If they had been at the wedding, their costumes would have been admired, and they themselves would not have passed through the throng unnoticed. It was unfortunate that they were not among those present.

They had excellent lamps.

LU LAI LA!

MISS SMITHERS, a teacher in North China, was keenly alert to acquire new and useful Chinese phrases. She noticed during several outings that the man who drove her donkey cart always cleared the way before them by shouting: "Lu lai la! Lu lai la!" Promptly she committed the words to memory to be used on occasion. What occurred when the occasion arose has recently been told in Journeys Beautiful. Miss Smithers was conveying a band of forty schoolgirls across the city, and she was not finding it easy work. The congestion was great, and the little procession of girls, walking two and two, was often brought to a complete halt. Now was the time! Lifting her hand for attention, she shouted loudly:

"Lu lai la! Lu lai la!"

Nobody gave way. Instead there was a roar of laughter, and the crowd pressed in closer. Angry but undismayed, she tried again:

"Lu lai la! Lu lai la!"

The mob yelled deliriously, and the nearest girl clutched at her arm, crying: "O Miss Teacher,—Miss Honorable Teacher,—what is it you would say?"

"I am saying, 'Clear the path—make way there!'" said the honorable teacher with a dignity which was suddenly dissipated when the girl, blushing and ready to weep, explained piteously: "Oh, no, Honorable Miss Teacher; your meaning may be that,—yes, such may be your meaning,—but the words that our Honorable Teacher continually shouts are: 'The donkeys are coming! The donkeys are coming!' Please, Honorable Miss Teacher, think of us, your humble but-full-of-feeling scholars!"

SUSPECTED IN HIS HOME TOWN

THE prophet is not the only person who is without honor among his countrymen. The writer of fiction, declares Mr. Harold MacGrath, one of the most popular of young American story-writers. Not long ago, he says, his wife was doing some shopping in their home town of Syracuse. An old lady standing beside Mrs. MacGrath heard her give her name in charging several purchases.

"Is that Harold MacGrath, the author?" asked the old lady.

"Yes."

"And are you his wife?"

"Yes."

"Well, who writes his books for him?"

"He writes them himself, of course."

"Why?"

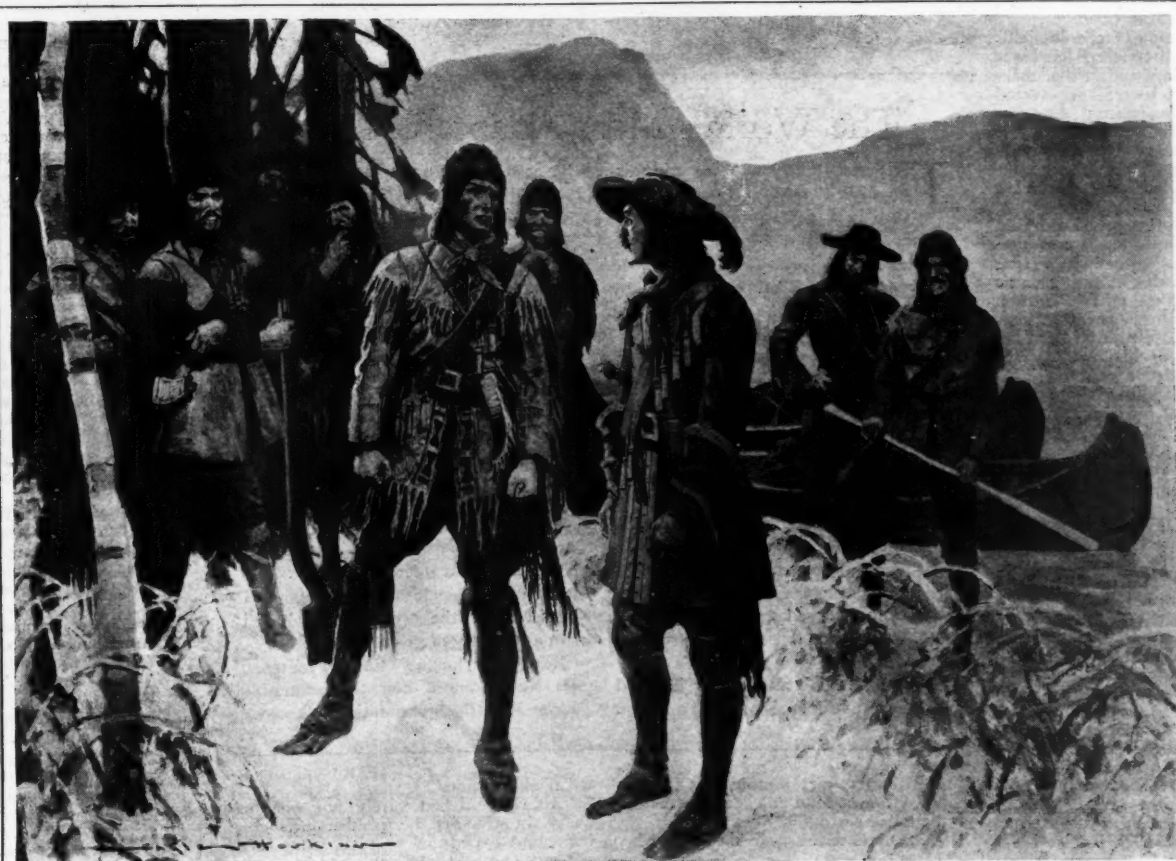
"Well," doubtfully replied the old lady,

"it may be true, but my two boys went to school with him and they are only book-keepers now, and they say that he wasn't none too smart then."

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 21



"What do we want of a guide?" said Guy. "The way is not easy, M'sieu." Dungan spoke quietly

Runners of the Woods

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

Chapter I. Forward to Montreal!

EARLY in the spring of 1693, Guy St. Jean, a sturdy bow-legged youth of nineteen years, was starting from Montreal for Quebec with an adventurous scheme in his head. For three years Montreal had been suffering hard times because the traders at Michilimackinac had not dared to bring their furs down to market. The Iroquois were in force on the Ottawa, they were hostile to the French, and there was fear in Montreal and Quebec that the English traders of New York would get the raw peltries for lack of which the French colony was in sore straits. Guy had conceived a plan for bringing the fur to Montreal.

Guy St. Jean had lived a stern childhood, for his father had then been a soldier at Fort Frontenac in the days when the Sieur de La Salle was planting the French flag across the great western valley. The terrors of Guy's baby dreams had been prowling Iroquois. His sister Valine had been killed before his eyes when he was just six. He had learned to load and shoot a gun before he was big enough to hold it up steadily without a rest. At eighteen years he had been a soldier under Courtemanche during the campaign of the winter before, when all the painted Mohawks and Peter Schuyler with his English families-in-arms had been turned back at the Hudson.

So one day Guy knotted the strings that held the pouch on his back and settled his feet firmly on the snowshoes. He was no longer afraid of the Iroquois. "Good-by, father," he said and clasped hands with the old soldier outside his shop door. "Good-by, mother." Guy reached over his father's shoulder and drew his sweet-faced mother forward and kissed her. Annette could not speak for fear of crying, but she smiled at her son bravely. And then Guy was off, swinging down the road, his musket at the trail, hatchet and knife in his sash, and laticed track behind him, and his friend, Henri

Beaucour, two years younger, was with him.

People must wear shoes and eat bread even if they cannot pay. From every customer came the same legend: "When the beaver comes down we can pay you."

It had been the want of his parents and friends, scarcely less than Courtemanche's promise of a commission, that drew Guy to Quebec so early in the spring with his head full of a scheme.

THE youths had been a day in Quebec. Henri Beaucour sat waiting in a low-ceiled room in the lower town.

It was nearly noon when Guy St. Jean came in. He met Henri's anxious eyes with a shake of the head. "No, Henri," he said, "there is no commission for me."

"Nothing, Guy? Did not Colonel Courtemanche promise you?"

"Colonel Courtemanche has gone to Mackinac to carry the news of our victory in New York."

"Is no one else here—none of the men who fought with you on the Hudson?"

"Oh, yes, but each has his own affairs to look out for. The officer laughed at me, Henri. He called me a boy."

Henri flushed with indignation. "Did you not tell him, Guy, that you saved Courtemanche's rear guard at Lake Champlain, that you—"

"Never mind, Henri. There is no use." "But we cannot go back to Montreal now."

"We are not going back to be jeered at. I have been thinking as I walked down the road." Guy sat down wearily. "You are willing to go anywhere, Henri—to do anything?" As yet the reticent Guy had not disclosed to his younger comrade his scheme for bringing down the Mackinac peltries.

"You know I am, Guy."

"It may be a foolish thought. The officer said, before I left,—while he was laughing at me,—'You want a commission, son? Very well, bring down the beaver from Mackinac. Then we may talk with you.' And I have been long thinking we can do it. I had that in my mind on leaving Montreal."

"Guy!"

"Yes—even that. And it is the only chance I can think of."

"But how?"

And Guy explained his whole plan. The next morning, as soon as the town was fairly astir, and the shops open, Guy started up the long flight of steps that led to the upper town, and to the Château St. Louis, the seat of government.

After some delay Guy was ushered into a large room, which had been hastily fitted up with tables for the carrying on of official business. Several officers were here, dictating orders or talking together in low tones. The doorkeeper presented Guy to a man in a brilliant uniform who sat before a pile of documents, maps and diagrams. He looked up gravely, and Guy recognized him as the Sieur de Valrenne, who had led the dashing

but futile effort to cut off Schuyler from his canoes at Chambly. He had then been a roughly-clad, eager fighter, closely in touch with his men;

now the elegance in his dress and manner abashed Guy.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Can you spare a few minutes, M'sieu?" Guy asked.

The officer hesitated; then, calling an aide and handing him a bundle of papers with a few quick words, he motioned Guy to a chair and waited for him to speak.

"It is about the beaver," said Guy, "at Mackinac."

"What about them?"

"I have a plan to bring them down."

De Valrenne checked a smile. "That will not be easy."

"No, M'sieu, but it can be done."

De Valrenne, with a shade of disappointment in his face, glanced back at the papers on the table.

"I ought to tell you," said Guy, "I have had some fighting. I was with you at Chambly. And on the Mohawk campaign Colonel Courtemanche gave me command of the rear guard when Schuyler was on our heels."

"You look young for such work."

"I suppose I was. But Colonel Courtemanche promised me a commission when I should come to Quebec."

"I am not sure that Courtemanche had a right to promise that."

"That may be, M'sieu. At any rate, I haven't got it."

De Valrenne smiled. "And so you want it now?"

"M'sieu, I want a chance to earn it."

De Valrenne turned to the table and fingered the papers. "You say you have a plan for this work?"

"Yes, M'sieu, it—"

"I have no time to go into it now, but—wait a moment." He got up and disappeared into an inner room. In a moment he returned. "Come tomorrow," he said, "at

nine o'clock. Governor Frontenac will see you. You had better ask for me. Good morning."

GUY hurried out to find Henri waiting for him at the lodgings in the lower town. For the rest of the day they talked eagerly, laying out a careful plan of action and a set of clear answers to such questions as it seemed the Governor might ask.

Both boys were up long before daylight. They walked down to the river. Henri was interested in the buildings and in the stockades and earthworks which were being erected or strengthened on the waterfront. At a few minutes before nine they reached the chateau. Henri went as far as the steps with Guy and stood looking after him as he disappeared through the doorway, past the big sentinel.

De Valrenne appeared soon and led Guy into a large room, where there were more officers busy at tables. At one side, sitting erect in his chair and looking at an engineer's map of the defenses of the upper town, was an old man whose leathery, wrinkled skin and white hair did not dull the flash in his eyes and the energy in his bearing. He looked up and nodded to De Valrenne.

"This is St. Jean," said De Valrenne quietly. "He has a plan for bringing down the beaver from Michilimackinac."

"Well, what is it?" said the Governor. Guy hesitated, disconcerted by this apparent lack of attention, but De Valrenne nodded to him to go on.

"I believe," said Guy, "that Colonel Courtemanche is now on the way to Mackinac to bear news of the victory in New York. I understand that he has but a small escort, but a *coureur de bois*, whose father lives in Montreal—"

"Bah!" the Governor broke in. "These *coureurs de bois*! [runners of the woods] I am tired of them. They are a pack of outlaws. They would fight for England as quickly as for the King."

Guy waited for a moment, then continued: "He tells me that there are several hundred *coureurs de bois* at Mackinac or with the Indians near by. They have had to give up trapping since the market failed. They are ripe for any movement. As M'sieu says, they may swing over to England—"

"Traitors!" said the Governor. "They would swing to the Devil himself if he would buy their furs."

"They need only a leader, M'sieu."

"Well, what do you propose?"

"That they fight for the King, M'sieu. With Colonel Courtemanche at their head, and with the Hurons and Ottawas to aid, they could bring the furs to Montreal."

"What part do you expect to play in this?"

"With permission from Your Excellency, I should like to bear an order to Colonel Courtemanche, giving him authority to organize the force."

The Governor's eyes rested thoughtfully on the map in his hand. Then he looked up. "This is simple, De Valrenne. Why have we not thought of it?" He turned to Guy. "Who are you, young man? What have you done? Do you know that you would have to run the gauntlet of the Iroquois on the Ottawa?"

"He commanded the rear guard at the Hudson last year," said De Valrenne. "Courtemanche's report speaks of St. Jean."

GUY looked at De Valrenne in grateful surprise. The old Governor stared at the youth with surprise and new respect. "How many men would you want, St. Jean?"

"Twelve, M'sieu. I should hope to be in command, and to select my own men, excepting a lieutenant, to be named by the Governor."

"The lad strikes high. Can you start this week, St. Jean?"

"Tomorrow, M'sieu, if canoes and supplies are ready."

The World's Most Adaptable Man

THIS story by Samuel Merwin, distinguished novelist, opens up a vast new field of adventure and romance to anyone who cares to look into the original sources of the tale, contained in Francis Parkman's books. Any boy or girl who is unwilling to be excited would do better not to read these marvelous volumes, which were started when Parkman was eighteen.

The strongest man among the French explorers and governors of New France was Count Frontenac, a seasoned soldier who, in Parkman's words, was "a man of courts and camps, born and bred in the focus of a most gorgeous civilization, and sent to the ends of the earth to exchange the splendors and glories of Versailles for a stern gray rock (Quebec) haunted by rugged traders, blanketed Indians and wild bushrangers (runners of the woods)."

How ably this great soldier adapted himself to frontier life is told by Parkman.

"M'sieu St. Jean?" he inquired, speaking with an accent.

Guy bowed. The sergeant presented a letter. "Orders from the Governor, M'sieu."

"Oh," said Guy, reading. "Sergeant Dungan, Henri. He is to be my lieutenant. Sit down, Dungan. I suppose you understand that we start in the morning."

"Yes," said Dungan. "And of course there is to be no time lost in getting the men."

"We must have three men tonight."

"Three, M'sieu? My orders say twelve."

One occasion was a rallying of the French and Indians to repel invasion in 1690 from Massachusetts and New York. "Having painted, greased and befeathered themselves," says Parkman, "the Indians mustered for the grand council. Now ensued a curious scene. Frontenac took a hatchet, brandished it in the air, and sang the war song. His predecessor would have perished rather than play such a part in such company. But the punctilious old courtier was himself half Indian at heart, as much at home in a wigwam as in the halls of princes. He roused his audience to enthusiasm. They snatched the proffered hatchet and promised war to the death."

"Then came a solemn war feast. Two oxen and six large dogs had been chopped to pieces for the occasion and boiled with a quantity of prunes."

Read in Parkman's "Count Frontenac and New France" how this adaptable man beat off the invasion that followed.

"We have nine."

"Ah, but M'sieu surely has not been hasty. In selecting the members of such an important expedition there is value in experience, and M'sieu will pardon me if I say that he is very young."

"We have nine men, Dungan."

"Very well. And if I can be of service—"

"You can, Dungan. You will please find three men to join us at daybreak. I must see them tonight, before we engage them. They must be strong, unmarried, and good shots."

The sergeant bowed. Guy did not like his expression as he turned to the door and said: "I will report, M'sieu, as early as possible."

When he had gone, Guy handed the letter to Henri.

"Yes?" said Henri. "What is the matter?"

Guy reached over his shoulder and pointed to the words: "In command of M. Guy St. Jean; Sergeant H. Dungan representing the Governor."

"What does it mean?"

"It means," said Guy, "that the Governor has no intention of trusting me too far. But he has given me the command of this expedition, and I shall command it. That is all."

Later in the evening Dungan appeared again. "Good evening," he said coolly, as he

entered. "I have to report that all is ready for an early start."

"Where are the new men?" Guy asked. "They are at their homes, M'sieu, making preparations. They will be ready to start at daybreak."

"Did I not tell you that I wished to see them tonight?"

"They start on very brief notice, M'sieu. It seemed right to give them as much time as possible."

Guy bit his lip. "Dungan, I must ask you to fetch at once the men you have selected."

"Ah, M'sieu, it may be that I do not understand."

"It is simple." A half-hour glass stood on the table. Guy turned it over. "I shall expect to see them, Dungan, before the sand has run."

DUNGAN'S eyes flashed. He looked angrily at Guy, but the young man met his eyes squarely. Dungan turned and left the room. After the door had closed and the noise of his footsteps had died away, there was a silence. Henri stood up.

"Guy," he said, "do you—do you suppose there will be trouble with him?"

"Yes, if necessary." Guy rested his elbows on the table and looked moodily at the fine stream of sand which was piling into a cone at the bottom of the glass. "It is a bad start. I wish they had sent a younger man. Old soldiers are not the best of companions. But there is nothing to be said, Henri. He is the Governor's choice."

There was yet a little sand to run when Dungan knocked at the door and led in his three men. They were wiry, active fellows. Guy questioned them, and finally had to conclude that they were as likely men as could be had.

The following morning was young when Guy and Henri hurried to the river. Seven canoes lay on the sand.

"All right, Dungan," said Guy. "We will start."

"One word, M'sieu." Dungan spoke quietly. "Perhaps you intended not to take a guide."

"What do we want of a guide?"

"The way is not easy, M'sieu. Nicanopé has been three years with the troops."

GUY looked over his shoulder and saw a tall Indian, standing aside. "What is he, Dungan, an Iroquois?"

"A converted one, M'sieu—a Seneca. The Hurons and Ottawas are friendly with him."

"Well, we won't put temptation in his way this time. We have men who know the way. Push off, Dungan." And so Nicanopé was left behind.

Guy had decided to make the journey in small canoes; they would be more easily carried over the portages than large canoes, and, if the expedition were attacked, the small canoes might enable them to scatter.

Guy had decided to take Henri for his canoe mate.

Dungan was close to the lead, pushing ahead rapidly. Guy looked back at the shore. One man stood apart from the group. He caught Guy's eye and bowed. It was Hertel. One or two of the other men on the shore looked familiar. Guy called to the canoe next ahead:

"Pass the word to Sergeant Dungan for all the canoes to turn back at once."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

How the Colleges Pursue the Stars

By BEN FRIEDMAN

University of Michigan—All-America Quarterback, 1925

THE high-school boy who succeeds in athletics is popular. No one, except the boys themselves, can have any idea how really popular he is. And, as he nears the end of his high-school career, this popularity ever increases provided, of course, that there is no slackening in his athletic skill.

This attention confuses the mind of the high-school boy. He himself will be unable to realize just why he should be so much sought after.

The boy, you see, is being given the grand athletic rush. He is the object of the attention of college graduates, the field secretaries and the scouts of alumni associations, representing many of our leading educational institutions. He is interviewed by men of engaging manners,

some of them super-salesmen. These men are trying to "sell" to the boy a college or university.

The Right Choice

Here the boy faces one of the crises of his career. He is being pressed by men wise and experienced in those matters. Their conversation is convincing. The boy does not know what to do. He cannot make up his mind where to go, what institution of higher education to select as his *alma mater*. And there is not the slightest doubt

that it is much easier to make the wrong decision than the right one. Generally the most flattering offers are the ones the boy should decline; but they are flattering, and they are presented in a most convincing manner by talented salesmen who, in age and experience, are far in advance of the object of their verbal assault.

To illustrate the right and wrong choice, I will relate what happened to my chum and myself.

We were in the same high school, and both of us did fairly well in school sports. During our senior year we were visited

by many men. They represented colleges and universities. They wanted us to promise to go their way, each presenting the attractions of the college or university he represented.

My chum and I were in a daze. We were invited to dinners, to suppers, and to dances.

We attended banquets and theatre parties, all arranged for us by the representatives of the colleges and universities. Life was one continual round of social events. I changed my mind at least twice a week. One day I would decide to attend this school, the next day it was another. I selected one college after another until finally a certain one seemed to be the real choice. This one was not offering me anything for my football ability! I was to have a scholarship,

like any other boy, based on the grades I should get. If I received all A's, then I would be paid \$300, and the sum varied according to the grades. I was also promised a job as waiter in one of the dining-halls.

Then I decided I would go to Michigan. It was nearer home, and several of my friends were enrolled there. Michigan offered me no scholarship and did not even promise me a job. The athletic authorities merely said they would scout around Ann Arbor and try to get me a job. On this scant chance I enrolled at Michigan.

I secured the job. In fact I got two jobs. In my freshman year at Michigan I worked in a bookstore when not attending classes in the daytime, and at night I was employed in a moving-picture theatre. I played freshman football and basketball. The rest of the time I studied, and occasionally I got a few hours' sleep.

A Full Return

It was a hard grind, and once or twice I wanted to give it up. As a matter of fact, I did become so discouraged at one time that I had my grip packed and was on my way to the railroad station, determined to return home and go to work. I had got, about halfway to the station when it dawned on me that I was being a quitter of the rankest kind; so I turned about, went back to my room, unpacked my grip and returned to my studies.

During the vacation period I was lucky enough to land a good job. It paid well. I worked hard, and by the end of the summer I had enough money saved up so that I got more time for study in my sophomore year. I could afford to give up the theatre job, and, since I did not go out for basketball, I had more opportunity to study and got a great deal more sleep.

I have been supremely well satisfied. I found the university I wanted, and I also found the kind of studies I wanted most of all, a law course. I was fortunate in football, and, since I earned every cent of what my stay at Michigan cost me, I appreciated all the more everything I got out of college. Since the money I invested came in such a difficult way, I studied all the harder to get a full return for my investment. And I was much happier.

Now consider the case of my chum. Here one discovers the other side of the story. It had been our intention to go to college together. He was not better fixed financially than I was. One Eastern college made him a

academic high school, and this was a technical college that he found himself enrolled in. He could not bridge the difference in his first semester.

A wealthy alumnus came to his rescue.

DRAWING BY
CHARLES L. LASSELL



The schoolboy star is interviewed by men of engaging manners, some of them super-salesmen. Life is one continual round of dinners, banquets and theatre parties, arranged by the representatives of the colleges and universities

flattering offer. He would not have to do any outside work to earn his money; all he had to do was walk to the athletic office once every month and draw his check. All he had to do in return was to play football.

He accepted the offer.

He enrolled as he had promised, but at the end of his first semester it was discovered that he lacked the required credits. He could not continue in athletics, and, for that matter, he could not continue in school. My chum and I had been prepared in an

He sent him to a preparatory school, paying all his expenses. When the preparatory tutors had finished their work he was fitted to resume his college course. He again became eligible for athletics.

By this time my chum realized his grave mistake. He was in the right church, but he had selected the wrong pew. He talked it over with me during vacation time, and we tried to think of some scheme by which he could honorably discharge his obligations to the college he had selected and leave.

My chum had a keen sense of honor and duty. He decided the only thing to do under the circumstances was to see it through. He had taken checks from the college, and all his preparatory school expenses had been paid. He owed them his services on the gridiron. The fact that he owed it made football playing a hard task to him, and one that he abhorred. His heart has never been in his work, and he, who should have developed into one of the greatest of all gridiron stars, will never come anywhere near the niche he is capable of filling. How can he, under the circumstances?

Boys who want to go to college and who are without funds can get opportunities to earn their way through school. They can wait on tables, clerk in clothing, book and drug stores, work in theatres, tend furnaces, care for lawns and do gardening in spring and fall. If they have musical talent, they can earn money by playing or singing. Then, in the summer, there is always a chance to earn and save enough money to defray many of the expenses encountered during the college term. By keeping his eyes and ears open through the winter months the student is generally able to land a good job for his summer vacation.

The athletic scholarship is being discontinued. Most of the schools in the West have dropped this inducement. There is a rule in the Western Conference that, if an alumnus aids a boy and that boy is not related to him, then the boy becomes ineligible for athletic competition. There used to be many of these scholarships offered, and most of them ranged from \$500 to \$1000 a year. The trend of the times is against the practice, and it is generally being regarded with disfavor.

When a boy is paid to play college football neither party to the contract gets much out of it. The boy, realizing his situation, will never play his best, so that he makes of himself a poor investment, and he himself can get no worth-while benefit out of the classrooms because he will never be satisfied. There is no contentment for such boys.

Where the student earns his way through college, the student, as well as the college, is likely to get the full benefit. And, as I have pointed out, there are plenty of opportunities for ambitious young men to earn an education.

An enthusiastic reception has been accorded by The Youth's Companion family to Glenn Collett, whose first article on "Golf for Young Players" appeared last week. Next week comes Miss Collett's second article, "Some Standard Essentials."

The Scratches on the Glass

By GLADYS BLAKE

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

Chapter IX.

The Red Man Returns

NO savage in the long ago ever approached that old watchtower more cautiously than the Morgans stole upon it on that eventful August morning. Following a suggestion of the Major's, they all made a wide detour and approached the building from the rear.

Gilbert had come out of the tower and was standing on the plateau, scanning the road, when they pushed through the shrubbery behind the building and first caught sight of him. Tall he stood against the morning sky; the khaki blouse he wore was not unlike a leather hunting-shirt. The red glow of the sun as it pierced the early mists streamed down upon his face and figure. Never before had his hair and eyes seemed so black or his features so sharply cut. And the color of his skin was changed in that orange light until it glowed like warm copper. But it was his expression that had changed most! Gone was that half-bashful look to which the Morgans had become accustomed and on which Nancy had so often rallied him.

"Why, the boy's an Indian!" exclaimed the Major.

"The Red Man has come for his own!" quoted Mrs. Morgan.

They spoke in low tones, but the sound carried; Gilbert turned and saw them. He did not flinch, nor was there any anger in his eyes. Instead he drew himself up as a



The sunlight shone on the yellow metal when Gilbert again lifted the lid. All the Morgans crowded round in curiosity

warrior meets a worthy foe and took one step backward until he stood beside an iron-bound box that lay open on the ground. From within it the Morgans could catch a gleam of what seemed to be yellow metal.

"This is mine!" said Gilbert firmly, and the light in his eyes defied them to dispute it. "It is mine by right of inheritance!"

"I'm inclined to believe it is," agreed Major Morgan, conscious that the moment was a most dramatic one.

But Nancy was still fuming with a sense of injustice. "Gilbert Kent, you are a traitor!" she cried. "Blanche and I trusted you with a secret, and you've betrayed our confidence by taking advantage of our discovery and stealing what ought to have been ours."

Gilbert glanced in the girl's direction but said no word in answer to the charge.

"What is it that you found, Gil?" asked Frank, approaching nearer to the open box. "My stars! It's virgin gold! Was that what was buried beside the purple rock?"

"This tower belongs to the county," said the Major. "You may have difficulty, Gilbert, in retaining your find if it becomes public news. So I advise you to bring the box down to our house immediately, where we will keep it safe for you until you can arrange to send it where you will. But once the treasure is under our roof we have many questions to ask you."

Gilbert's rigid attitude relaxed. Seeing that the Major was not going to dispute his right to the gold if he could prove it, the boy became suddenly less of an Indian and

more like the young guest they had come to know and like.

"I'll answer all your questions, Major Morgan," he said at once. "I know it is your right to ask them."

"But how shall we get this box down to the house?" asked Frank, trying to lift it and finding it very heavy. "We don't want to be seen staggering along under the thing. What were you planning to do with it, Gil?"

"I've a wheelbarrow here," said Gilbert. "and I was going to take it into the woods and bury it again temporarily. But if you will let me take it to your house, we'll just cover it with something and wheel it down there!"

This was done immediately. They knew that at any moment some one might come up or down the mountain and see them and perhaps suspect what had happened. They lifted the box into the wheelbarrow and covered it with a bit of sacking; then Frank and Gilbert trundled it down the path. The others followed in silence.

THEY entered the house by the front door in order not to pass by the servants. Cordy rang the breakfast bell again, but nobody paid any attention to it. In the parlor the boys set down the box they carried, and the sunlight shone on the yellow metal when Gilbert again lifted the lid. All the Morgans crowded round in curiosity to see exactly what was there.

"When I first opened the box this belt of beads and feathers was lying on top of the gold," said Gilbert, displaying the object they had seen him holding when they had confronted him on the mountain side. "So there is no doubt that this is Indian treasure."

"One of the reasons the Cherokees were banished from North Georgia," remarked the Major conversationally, "was that gold was found on their lands, and the white people wanted it. Many mines were profitably worked hereabouts before the Civil War; the Federal government established a mint at Dahlonega. I suppose these nuggets in the box were found somewhere in this vicinity," he added with a questioning glance at Gilbert, "by the Indians before their exile? The county, if the matter of this treasure ever came into a law court, would say the Indians stole it. One of Georgia's complaints against the Cherokees was that they were stealing gold from the mines operated by white men!"

"I should never expect justice from the law," said Gilbert bitterly. "But I am hoping for justice from you, Major Morgan!"

"Then be frank with me, Gilbert. Tell me all your story."

"When I was a very little boy," Gilbert began, "I used to tell people that one side of me was Indian, and one day a visitor at our home asked me teasingly which of my arms was my Indian arm. That puzzled me; I took the question to my mother, who told me that she hoped it was my right arm, as the Indians needed its aid more than the white people did. Then she took me in her lap and talked to me of the many injustices the Indians have suffered at the hands of the white men through all the years since Columbus came. Young as I was, I felt a deep interest in the Indians, and, seeing that I really comprehended what was told me, she went on to tell me of the history of her own tribe.

"She told me that her grandfather was a chief of the Cherokees in the days when the Cherokee nation dwelt in Georgia. She said he had white blood in his veins and was called Chief John Chester, but that at heart he was all Indian. He owned a big plantation in Georgia before 1838, and had built a large brick house upon it according to his own ideas of architecture. She interested me so much in her talk that when she told me the house still stood I right then determined that some day I should go to see it."

"And did you ever go?" asked Blanche. "You know he came, Blanche," said Frank. "Don't you realize that it was in this very house that Chief John Chester lived? Is that why you wanted to spend the summer with me, Gil? Why you accepted my invitation?"

"Why I fished for an invitation, you mean," corrected Gilbert, smiling. "Yes, that was why. When I learned that a boy

in my class at school was the son of the man who owned my great-grandfather's old home in Georgia and that he was going there for his vacation, I was naturally seized with a wish to go with him. But I hesitated to tell you why. People of Indian blood are not talkative, and it seemed to me nobody else's concern if I wanted to visit the home of my ancestors. But now comes the part that does concern you! When Major Morgan showed us all those mysterious scratches on a windowpane the first night we spent here, I was even more interested than you and your sisters. I felt that, if a Cherokee Indian had left a message on that glass, it was a duty I owed my race to solve the secret. It is hard to explain just exactly how I felt about it, but it seemed—it really seemed—that it was for me that message had been inscribed there, that I, a son of the Cherokees, was meant to decipher it. And that night I could not sleep. I was prevented from



Gilbert was standing on the plateau, scanning the road. Tall he stood against the morning sky; the khaki blouse he wore was not unlike a leather hunting shirt

working on the puzzle that night because the girls saw me and screamed, but the next night I spent hours in the parlor working on it."

"Oh, I say!" ejaculated Frank.

"Yes, and I solved it, too! I worked out the meaning of those widely separated letters and was wondering where I could find a purple rock when, next morning, Blanche and Nancy solved the secret also."

"Oh!" said Nancy in a rather small voice. She had thought that Gilbert had taken advantage of their discovery.

"That night I wrote to my mother," the boy continued. "I felt uncomfortable at the thought of working against such good friends as you had all been to me. I didn't know what I ought to do in the matter. I told mother where I was visiting and about the inscription on the glass and asked her if she knew anything of its meaning. By the next mail I received a bulky letter telling me many things."

He paused and looked so anxiously at his friends that both Major and Mrs. Morgan hastened to tell him that they fully understood the situation in which he found himself as a son of the Cherokees and that they did not blame either him or his mother for anything.

"You see, mother is a devoted social worker among our people and feels a very strong affection for them," he went on. "She is also an Indian in all her sympathies in spite of having married a white man and living among white people. She wrote me that she knew her grandfather while living in Georgia had collected a treasure of some sort with which to fight the exile of the Cherokees, and that if the treasure was still in existence it must be restored to our people. She said it was collected by Indians from Indians for Indians, and that it would be black injustice for it to fall into the hands

of a member of another race if a son of the Cherokees could prevent it. She told me that fate had put it in my power to serve my people, and that it would be treason to an already deeply wronged race if I shirked my opportunity."

"And then she went on to tell me how she knew about the treasure. When she was a little girl her grandfather and her father were always talking together about returning to Georgia to secure it; if she had been a boy, she too would have been pledged to the undertaking. But because she was a girl nobody thought it worth while to take her into the secret, and all she knew about the matter was what she had overheard. She knew, she said, that the treasure was hidden somewhere in or near the house in Georgia which her grandfather had built, and that the record of the hiding-place had been

the windows were pretty dirty and needed a lot of cleaning, and therefore only those letters which had been deepened to carry the second message survived the scouring. The less deeply cut letters half vanished and became only the unintelligible marks we see today."

"Yes, that must be the explanation," agreed Gilbert. "I realize that white people would not have moved into an Indian house without sending servants to scour everything as if it had been a pigpen. And that only those letters which had been twice carved survived the cleaning is very natural."

"I wish," said the Major, "that your mother had been able to tell you what that first inscription was, Gilbert! I am curious to know what a white man scratched on the windowpane, and who the man was. But I don't suppose your mother knew anything about that?"

"But she did," Gilbert declared. "She told me all about it. If I only had a glass-cutter of some kind I would fill in the whole of that inscription for you to show you that all I have told you is true. For, if I can solve that puzzle for you, Major Morgan, it will prove that I am really the son of the granddaughter of Chief Chester, won't it? It will show you that my mother's story is true?"

"We don't doubt a word you have spoken, Gilbert," the Major assured him, "but, if you can complete that inscription for us, it will interest us very much. And you can use one of my wife's diamond rings to cut the letters. I'm sure she won't object."

So Gilbert took the ring Mrs. Morgan handed him and went to the window. He said it would take only a touch to complete each broken letter and that the unbroken letters would fit in perfectly at the proper places and show that there had been no change but a slight enlargement in superimposing the second inscription. He admitted that he had studied the scratches many times since receiving his mother's letter and knew exactly what to do.

They all crowded round him in great interest, and

as the letters took form and meaning under his hand there were surprised exclamations.

"Do you mean to tell me that the man himself scratched that on this windowpane?" asked the Major.

"He did. John Howard Payne visited the Cherokee nation in 1836 and was a guest of the chiefs in their homes. He spent several days in this house with my grandfather and scratched the first verse of his already famous song on the window as a memento of his visit. It was very appropriate too."

With sudden warm tears in her eyes Mrs. Morgan went to the piano and slowly ran her fingers over the ivory keys. There was a break in her voice as she began to sing the words that were scratched on the windowpane beside her:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble there is no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere;

Home, home, sweet, sweet, home! There is no place like home! There is no place like home!

And, whether it was the look in his wife's eyes as she sang or the spirit of John Howard Payne speaking across the years, Major Morgan took a sudden resolution.

"I'm not going to sell this house!" he exclaimed. "I am going to have it restored, and we are going to live here always."

Major Morgan thought he must have been blind never to have realized before how very much his family wanted a home.

It wasn't that they didn't enjoy traveling to foreign lands. They only wanted to feel that, wherever they went, on what strange shores they landed, or what interesting adventures befell them, they would always come back—home!

THE END

Catherine Blows the Horn

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL

ONE warm day in August we were sitting at the table alone,—the Old Squire, Grandmother Ruth and I,—taking our mid-day meal rather quietly, when a horn was heard sounding over in the direction of the Edwards farm.

"I do believe that's Catherine!" Grandmother exclaimed. "Listen! See if she blows twice more." We listened intently, the Old Squire cupping his hand to his best ear; and, true enough, a moment later, we heard it again, and then a third time. "Something's wrong over there!" the old lady cried, starting up. "Run, run!" This was to me. "And Joseph, you follow as fast as you can,—this to the Old Squire,—and I'll come after. I'm afraid it's fire, now everything is so dry!"

This was after I was the only one of us young folks left at home at the old farm. Addison and Theodora had now been gone for several years. More recently, too, Cousin Ellen had left for her new home in Dakota, and Cousin Halstead had gone off in one of his discontented periods four years previously; we had heard he was in Texas and had made a hasty marriage out that way. He never wrote home.

Equal or greater changes, too, had occurred over at the Edwards farm, where we had had such good times with Kate and Tom. Jotham Edwards, their father, had died, leaving the family in very straightened circumstances; and Tom was now far away in the East, at Baku, where he had married the daughter of a rich Parsee merchant, who could be induced neither to come to America herself nor to allow Tom to come. His folks and indeed all his old friends in Maine had about given Tom up for lost.

Added to their other misfortunes, Mrs. Edwards had of late become an invalid from chronic rheumatism, unable to take a step without the aid of two crutches. It had come about therefore that our bright young playmate, Catherine, whose early ambition it had been to become a chemist and pharmacist, was obliged to return home and take up the burden of life there with no one to help her. And she did it, saying very little.

CATHERINE went on with the old farm for three years, working hard, meeting with constant discouragements, and with little hope ahead. Everyone thought that her lot was a hard one. Grandmother Ruth in particular felt much constant concern and sympathy for her. The old lady often took her way across the fields, "to see what Catherine was doing," and help her with good advice. The telephone had not yet connected country homesteads. Almost anything might happen at a remote farmhouse, and no one would be the wiser until some neighbor chanced to call. Grandmother and Catherine had therefore agreed on an alarm signal for sudden emergencies: the dinner horn—one long blast, followed closely by two shorter ones. Unless the wind were blowing hard, some one over at our house would be pretty sure to hear it.

Snatching my hat, I sped along the path across the fields at top speed. Half a mile is soon covered, if you run well. Over by the line wall, between the Old Squire's place and the Edwards farm, I met Catherine, horn in hand. She was coming to summon us, in case we had not heard the horn. We were both much out of breath. "Don't be too much alarmed, but I've got a caller," were her first words.

"Why, who is it?" I exclaimed. "I don't know! He hasn't told his name! I never saw a worse-looking man; and I've got him shut up in the ice house—if he hasn't broken out."

Hurriedly she explained a little further, as we hastened through the Edwards orchard. Catherine, it appeared, had been making cheese in the kitchen when a shadow darkened the open doorway behind her, and, turning, she saw a big, ugly, very dirty tramp leering in—the kind of human derelict that was frequently prowling about at that time.

"Well, what do you want here?" Catherine exclaimed, considerably startled.

"Gimme somethin' to eat, can't ye?" the fellow growled. The tone of voice, his looks and everything about him were menacing. To feed him was the safest thing to do, and Catherine said, "Very well. Sit down there on the doorstep. I will fetch you something." She stepped into the pantry and loaded a plate with such eatables as were at hand. While she was doing so the vagrant entered the kitchen. "Thought I'd come in and take a cheer," he said, looking about with a grin, and seated himself by the table.

that, if he broke out, he could not get to mother at once."

IN our race to the rescue Catherine had kept ahead of me; and on reaching the front of the house she ran to glance in at the window. "Mother's there in her chair, all right!" she whispered thankfully. "He hasn't got out yet!" she added, as we turned the corner in sight of the ice house. For we heard sounds inside, sounds of hatchet blows and splintering wood. The



"Let the scamp out," Gram exclaimed, "and I'll comb his head for him!" The door swung back, and there stood the vagrant, hatchet in hand

"I didn't like to frighten mother by beating a retreat to the sitting-room," Catherine said when describing the affair afterwards. "I knew she couldn't help me. There was no one who could. So I set the plate on the table before him, and went on with my cheese-making, pretending to show no concern. The fellow ate and ate, then asked for more. I gave him another heaped-up plateful. 'Can't yer gimme a drink?' he grumbled after a while.

"I poured him a glass of water. 'Aw, gimme a drink o' whiskey,' he growled. 'I know you got some put away somewhere!'

"No," I said, "I have no whiskey." "You git me a drink!" he roared, striking his dirty fist on the table.

"I knew then I was going to have trouble," Catherine said. "I didn't dare run out through the sitting-room and leave mother there. But an idea had struck me. I had two lemons in the house. 'I have no whiskey,' I repeated. 'But I will make you a glass of good cold lemonade,' and I got the lemons. He grinned at that, and I proceeded to cut them in halves. 'The water I have in the house is too warm,' I said. 'We need ice for it. There's plenty in the ice house. I will show you where it is. Take this basin and get a small piece, while I squeeze the lemons.'

"He took the basin, leering suspiciously. But I led the way out to the ice house and opened the door. It is a double door, you know, and has double-boarded walls. 'You will find a shovel and a hatchet in there,' I told him and turned back toward the house. 'Dig out a cake of the ice and chip off a piece,' I said over my shoulder.

"He stood a moment, looking after me, then went inside and took up the shovel. As soon as I heard him digging away at the sawdust on the ice, I dashed back, swung the door to and put the bar against it. He sprang for the door, cursing me; but I had him barred in there and knew that with nothing but the shovel and hatchet he could not get out, for some minutes at least. Then I ran to get the horn and locked the house door, so

vagabond had hacked a hole through the door, and as we appeared a big, red, dirty hand was thrust through it, feeling for the bar outside. Catherine darted forward and held the bar in the sockets. The prisoner cursed her savagely. I picked up the ice axe which stood by the door. 'May as well let him out,' I said.

"Oh, but he is a great, strong beast!" Catherine whispered.

Clearly she distrusted my physical ability to deal with him. To be frank, I distrusted it myself; but a young man must never seem to show the white feather under such circumstances. 'I'll attend to him,' I said.

"But wait, wait!" Catherine cried. "There's the Old Squire coming through the orchard. Wait till he gets here!"

Sure enough, the old gentleman was approaching at a sturdy trot, looking this way and that for smoke, or other signs of trouble. "What's the matter?" he cried, seeing us at the ice house. Not many words were required to make him aware of the situation.

"Oh, a tramp!" he said. "That's it then." "And a big, ugly one!" Catherine exclaimed, whereupon the Old Squire picked up the ice tongs.

"Well, we may as well let the fellow out," he said.

That was always the drawback under which we labored with tramps in the country. In a city or its suburbs a policeman can be summoned to take such fellows in charge. But with us the arm of the law was too far off to be of any immediate assistance. A drive of seven miles had to be taken to reach a deputy sheriff, who—in our case—was a person not especially valiant in an emergency. Practically, we had to deal with tramps as best we could.

But Catherine still hesitated. "I'm afraid he will attack you," she whispered.

Just then Grandmother Ruth came round the corner of the house; she had made good time for one of her years and weight, but was breathing hard. Seeing us armed at the ice-house door, she drew near softly. "Not a

lucivee? Not a bear?" she cried, incredulously.

"No, Gram, it's a tramp," I said. "Catherine thinks he's dangerous."

The old lady seized a garden rake that stood against the fence a few steps away. "Let the scamp out!" she exclaimed. "I'll comb his head for him!"

Catherine pulled away the bar. The door swung back, and there stood the vagrant, glaring out at us, hatchet in hand; a ragged, brawny fellow, above middle height, apparently not much more than thirty years old, dirty, blotched, repulsive.

The Old Squire looked him over with stern disfavor. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" he exclaimed. "A great, strong, healthy man like you, sneaking about, frightening women-folks! Haven't you any shame left in you?"

The hobo's teeth bared in an ugly grin; but he cast a venomous look at Catherine. "I'll pay ye fer that!" he muttered. The Old Squire bade him come out and take himself off. It was the best we could do. I doubt whether we could have overpowered him, with a view to putting him under arrest. As it was, I half expected we should have a scuffle. But he came out and mugged off up the lane to the highway. There he turned and hooted back at us.

WE were so much afraid the fellow would come back to wreak revenge on Catherine that Grandmother Ruth and the Old Squire remained with her and her mother throughout the day, while I hastened home to send off our hired man to notify the sheriff and request him to look after the vagabond. The sheriff, however, was not found; he had gone on a visit in an adjoining county.

Toward evening the Old Squire came home to ask about the sheriff, but Grandmother Ruth remained. Nothing further had been seen of the tramp. It seemed likely that he had left the vicinity; but the Old Squire had misgivings and shortly after dark went over to the Edwards farm again, while I looked after matters at home. With a dangerous vagrant in the vicinity we felt the necessity of watchfulness. During the evening our neighbor, Willis Murch, called; and a little later he also went over to the Edwards place—to help watch.

There is, however, some doubt as to how well they watched. It had been a hot day, and no doubt they were all fatigued. Willis admitted to me afterward that he had lain down on a settee, just outside the house door, and fallen into a drowse—and when a watcher owns up to a "drowse" one may be pretty sure it was a snooze! At least, that was what I told Willis. The others were indoors. About two in the morning they were all awakened by a mighty crackling and altogether too much light for a moonless night.

The whole back side of the large old barn was ablaze! Clearly, the tramp had set it.

The fire had already gained too great headway to be put out. Fortunately, the barn stood at a distance of fifty yards or more from the house and was not connected with it by ells or sheds.

Grandmother Ruth, meantime, was blowing the horn. I was sleeping with the windows up at the Old Squire's place. The night was still, and I heard the very first blast; but when I got there, along with other neighbors, the roof of the barn had fallen in; and the entire dry, old structure was blazing fiercely. Almost nothing was saved from it. The farming tools were burned, as well as all that season's hay. The insurance on it was no more than four hundred dollars. With the means at her command, it was not practicable for Catherine to rebuild and go on farming, and for a while it looked as if the old place would have to be deserted.

But what at first sight seemed a crushing disaster has proved a blessing in disguise to hard-worked Catherine. She thought the matter over and at length, with a sigh of relief, I think, decided to sell off their dairy herd, make a few necessary changes and turn her attention wholly to herb gathering and herb culture—a far easier and more congenial occupation for her. Considered as a business, it was wholly a new venture. But she has succeeded remarkably with it.

FACT AND COMMENT

TRUTH IS SINGLE; but error can clothe itself in a thousand forms. Therefore, of a given opinion on whatever subject you will it is pretty safe to say that it is wrong.

A PLEASING RECOGNITION it is that one of the great automobile companies purposes to give to some of its older employees by naming gateways and company streets for them. Some of the veterans thus to be honored are pensioners. Others are working side by side with their sons. All of them are sixty years old or more, and all have been in the employ of the concern at least twenty years. The men who have passed so often through those gates and along those streets to faithful labor may well feel proud to have their names so perpetuated.

SUMMER VISITORS who spend their vacation, as most of them do, in the North should remember that more cases of typhoid fever result from drinking polluted water in the country than from any other cause; nor should they rely on a below-zero temperature in the previous winter to have averted the danger. Professors M. J. Prucha and J. M. Brannon of the department of bacteriology of the University of Illinois have kept colonies of typhoid bacteria at a temperature of four degrees below zero for two years and have found them still alive.

GREAT INVENTIONS diverted to simple and commonplace tasks always attract more attention than when they are doing the work for which they were intended. There is something amusingly incongruous in the thought of an airplane scattering corn and other grain through the snow-buried woods of Pennsylvania, to sustain the wild birds and other game, or employed in fighting locusts and grasshoppers in Mexico, yet both of those services are proving valuable and cheaper than any substitute. So an elephant picks up a pin and a steam hammer cracks a filbert.

PROTECTING CHILDREN from undesirable moving pictures seems at first thought to be a rather surprising task for the League of Nations to undertake; but when the interchange of films from one country to another is taken into account the action becomes both logical and commendable. The plan that is advocated is the creation of central censorship boards in the member countries, which shall prohibit the showing of pictures that tend to degrade the minds and morals of young people, and shall encourage those that educate.

PRESERVING A FAMOUS BATTLEFIELD

WHEN Sir Edward Creasy chose *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, and wrote a very readable and suggestive book about them, he included in the number the battle of Saratoga. He went so far as to say that "no military event has had more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind." Saratoga marked the turning point of our Revolution. It made it clear that American militia could defeat British regulars in the open field. It persuaded the French king that he could safely ally his nation with the new republic, and wisely spend money and men in its cause. It not only changed the views and the feelings of Europe toward the revolting colonies, but, as Lord Mahon, another British historian, remarked, it "modified for all time the connection between every colony and every parent state."

The battle of Saratoga has left us no great national hero, for Gates, who commanded, was a commonplace officer, whose lack of competence was demonstrated in later battles in the South; and Benedict Arnold, who was the real, animating leader on the field, afterward stained his fame by treason. The only great name that survives the story of that critical campaign against Burgoyne and his army is that of Gen. John Stark, whose little army rendered important service to the cause by soundly whipping Colonel Baum and his Hessians at Bennington. But General Stark was not present at the final engagement at Saratoga.

Next year will fall the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Saratoga. In celebrating it we shall not celebrate the brilliant achievement of any great commander, but



Keystone

The new President of the Boy Scouts, Mr. Walter W. Head of Omaha, with two Scouts who recently attended the International Jamboree in London

the dogged, resourceful courage of the common men of America; the men who left their farms and shops at the call of duty and were not afraid to face the best disciplined professional troops of Europe; the men who, in defense of their homes, fought, as their enemy declared, "more like hellhounds than like ordinary soldiers." If the embattled farmers at Saratoga had lost heart, it is probable enough that the resistance of the colonies would have broken down everywhere. Washington might have ended his career as a condemned felon instead of as the greatest man of his century. It was the victory at Saratoga that gave the colonies the determination to fight to the end, and that brought them the assistance that made the final triumph sure. The State of New York has done well to buy the land over which the battles of Oriskany, Fort Stanwix, Bennington and Saratoga were fought. The ground will be cleared of disfiguring buildings and sign boards in preparation for a dignified celebration of the sesquicentennial of the campaign in October, 1927, and in course of time, if not at once, the fields will be marked with monuments and tablets of stone to commemorate the principal events of the campaign. Saratoga may never come to have the place in the American heart that Gettysburg, the great critical battle of the Civil War, possesses, but it will be visited every year by increasing numbers of those who understand what a place the defeat of Burgoyne occupies in the history of the nation.

OUR GRUBSTAKE

HUNDREDS of young Americans now in high school may come within a few years into personal and happy contact with a new and great foundation recently established in Washington.

We spoke recently on this page of the need and the lack in America of more research work in pure science. Since then has come news of the organization to which we here refer: the National Research Endowment, the purpose of which is to raise \$20,000,000 or more to promote original investigations in pure science in colleges and universities.

The present conditions are peculiar and disquieting. Men who have both the quality of mind and the requisite training to conduct and supervise research work have been lured away from the colleges by tempting offers to do applied scientific work in great industries. Meanwhile the number of students in the colleges has been rapidly increasing. Ten years ago there were 250,000. Today there are more than half a million. The increase has compelled the institutions to divert funds

that should go to research, and to apply them to teaching.

American industry, as we said the other day, has been slow to recognize the commercial value of studies in pure science. Too often its attitude has been that of the steel man who asked, "What has pure science done for us?" It has had to be told, as he was, that modern processes of hardening steel are based on the discovery of alloys that were unknown twenty years ago; that the supremacy of German dyes before the war was largely the result of work in the research laboratories maintained by the great German Chemical Society; and that Jena glass and the anastigmatic lens were the outcome of studies of the laws of light and optics as well as of the practical side of glass-making. Now the great manufacturing interests are awakening to the knowledge that pure science is the pioneer and parent of the applied sciences that pay their dividends, and so they are contributing liberally to the Endowment.

To us the matter has a special significance, for here are such men as Herbert Hoover, Dr. A. A. Michelson, Elihu Root, Charles E. Hughes, Dr. Robert Millikan and others of their rank in the world of affairs and science putting into effect on a national scale and in the universities the very aim and hope of the Y. C. Lab among boys! To the unthinking that may seem like comparing a giant to a pygmy; but those who know youth—who share its hopes and interests and golden dreams—will see it otherwise. For the object of the Y. C. Lab is not the things that boys may make there, but the fostering of the spirit of inquiry, of intellectual adventure, of experiment and research. It aims above all to be the means of encouraging and developing among the boys of America that habit of thought and that attitude of mind which shall fit them for larger research work in college and in life. Its chief satisfaction is the feeling that it is grubstaking young prospectors for rich strikes in a golden future.

BOYS WHO GO WRONG

THREE boys, all less than eighteen, are in a Boston jail charged with various acts of highway robbery and with the murder of a policeman. What is at the bottom of their pitiful story?

Playing at banditry is an instructive exercise of the boyish imagination. How many Robin Hoods, how many juvenile Kidds or Silvers, their heads bound in gay bandannas, how many skulking Indian savages, how many ten-year-old stage-coach robbers, are enacting their mock-heroics among the fields and woods of our American country-

side today? Clean-hearted and well-meaning youngsters, most of them, reproducing in their childish games the stage of violence and lawlessness through which the whole race passed in its own childhood. Millions of sober, law-abiding men, with expanding waistbands and a proper horror of crime, can recall with a rather sheepish, rather wistful, smile their own exploits as imaginary pirates or train-robbers when the proverbial bloom of innocence was on their cheeks. They came to no harm; what is it that carried these unhappy boys over the border line between fancy and grim reality and put them into the cell of the accused murderer?

If we could be sure of giving the right answer, we could tell what is the cause of the alarming prevalence of juvenile crime today. It is not always parental neglect, though that sometimes can be detected. The young leader of an infamous gang of law-breakers, recently on trial for his life, and his wife, who was an accomplice in all his crimes, came from respectable families, and their parents made every effort to keep them from the courses to which they early hurried. Parental weakness is perhaps more to blame than parental neglect, yet almost all these young ruffians have brothers and sisters who are normal in mind and conduct.

The fading of sincere religious belief and religious influence in many families, the growing disinclination of parents to use authority and of children to respect it, and the weakening of our old stern and determined views about crime and punishment seem to us to share the responsibility for the occurrence of such cases as those of these Boston youths. We believe the phase is a passing one, that systematic religious teaching, the assertion of rightful authority and a less sentimental way of dealing with the criminal enemies of society will eventually play their parts in restoring a social environment in which it will not be so easy for boys to go tragically wrong.

BEGGING A RIDE

IN the days before automobiles came into use small boys would occasionally call from the sidewalk, "Give me a ride, Mister," when the iceman or the groceryman drove by. They were almost always very small boys; seldom would a youth of seventeen or eighteen or a full-grown man stand on the curb and bawl out such an appeal. And when some shining victoria or closed carriage passed, although it might have but one occupant, even small boys seldom had the hardihood to clamor for a ride.

On the other hand, nowadays persons who drive automobiles are beset by small boys, big boys, grown men, standing out in the roadway and in place of shouting their desire for transportation indicating it with gesticulating thumb. The number of those who beg for rides is so great as to warrant the opinion that America is now the land of beggars. Many of these boys and young men are habitual beggars. They appear at the same place every morning or afternoon and beg someone, anyone, to take them to or from school, or to or from work, or to or from a ball game or a moving-picture theatre. Does it not occur to them that the practice is cheapening, and that it must undermine their self-respect? Until a generation accustomed to easy riding made its appearance, a boy who wanted to go somewhere and who couldn't find the necessary carfare either walked or stayed at home.

Furthermore, the point should be made that a person who grants one of these unfortunate requests is assuming a responsibility for the safety of the passenger he admits to his car. If an accident occurs and the boy is injured, the driver may be held financially answerable for the result. It is too much to ask an outside stranger to accept such a responsibility.

We are glad to see that a movement has begun in the Massachusetts schools, started by the children themselves and warmly encouraged by the school authorities, to persuade boys and girls—for girls are occasionally guilty of the practice, in spite of its very dangerous possibilities for them—to refrain from begging rides from people who are strangers to them. We hope that the movement will spread to other states, that parents and school-teachers will give it

every support, and that it will have the effect of putting an end to what has become nothing less than a nuisance.

THIS BUT WORLD

Pulitzer Prize Winners

Every year the Pulitzer prizes for outstanding work in American literature and journalism are awarded by Columbia University. This year the list of prizes is an interesting one. Mr. Sinclair Lewis wins the distinction of producing the best novel of the year, "Arrowsmith," but he has refused to accept the money prize. Prof. Edward Channing of Harvard University gets the historical award for the sixth volume of his history of the United States, just published. The life of Dr. William Osler by Dr. Harvey Cushing of Boston is crowned as the best work in biography, and Miss Amy Lowell receives a posthumous award for her volume of verse "What's o'Clock?" as the most meritorious poetry of the year. George Kelly wins the dramatic prize for his play "Craig's Wife." The prize for the most distinguished and disinterested public service rendered by an American newspaper goes to the Enquirer-Sun of Columbus, Ga.; that for the best editorial of the year is awarded to Edward M. Kingsbury of the New York Times. The prize for the best piece of reporting is won by W. B. Miller of the Louisville Courier-Journal, for his story of the tragic trapping of Floyd Collins in Sand Cave.

Britain in Domestic Crisis

The chronic difficulties of the British coal trade finally caused the most dangerous domestic crisis that Great Britain has known in three hundred years. On May 1 the period of subsidy, which has cost the country \$100,000,000 this last year, expired, and the government declined to renew it. The mine-owners declared that the business could not go on without a cut in wages and an extension of working hours in the mines from seven to eight. The miners insisted that present conditions must continue until action is taken on the recent report of the Coal Commission, which recommended State ownership of coal lands, and their private operation under lease. When the strike was called, the railway, transport, building, printing and electrical workers went out too. Mr. Baldwin, the Premier, announced that the government could not surrender to an attack on the constitutional fabric and the economic welfare of the nation at large; and so the battle was joined. A widely-extended organization of volunteer workers undertook to serve in the places of strikers in the mines, on the railways and other essential transport services, and troops were distributed in all districts where overt acts of violence were feared. Little or no violence occurred, however, and on May 12 the Trades Union Congress declared the strike off, having come to an understanding with the government for the temporary continuation of the coal subsidy and the early adoption, in general, of the Coal Commission's report.

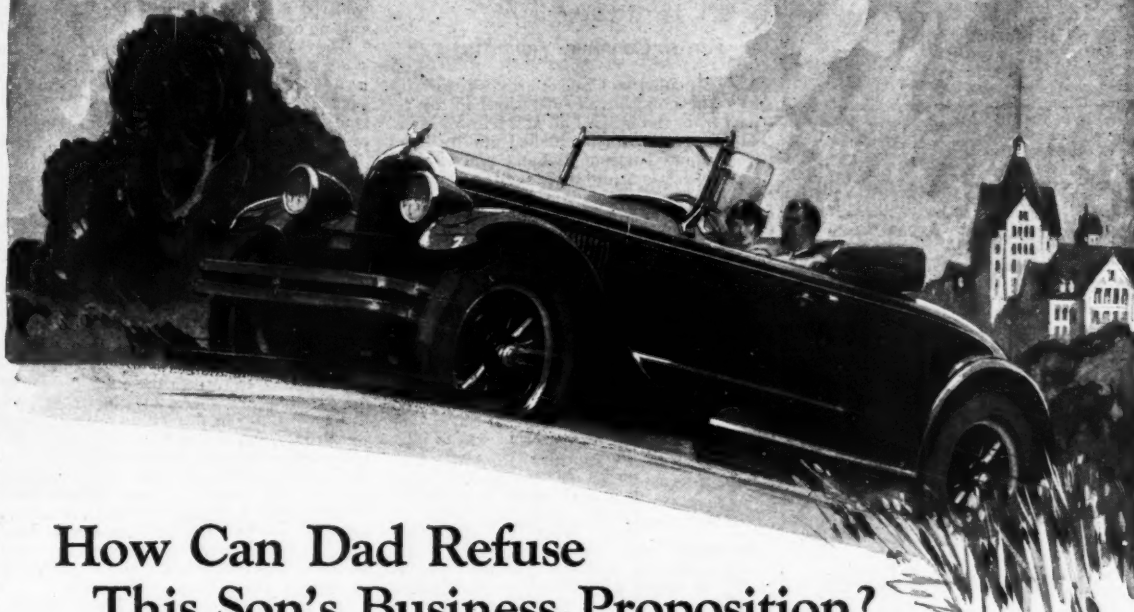
May Day in Warsaw

There was actual street fighting in the capital of Poland on May 1, but it was not between the soldiers and the populace or between Socialists and *bourgeoisie*. The battle was between the Socialists and the Communists. The Polish Socialists are in no sympathy with the Moscow régime and regard the Communists as enemies. They refused to let the Reds have anything to do with their parades, whereupon the Reds tried to break them up. A guerrilla battle with pistols followed; four persons were killed, and thirty were badly wounded.

Vitamines and Tin Cans

It is well known that cooking destroys much of the value of those curious health-giving chemical compounds in food called the vitamins. So it has been assumed that the process of canning did the same. But Doctor Eddy of the Teachers' College, in New York, has proved that canning vegetables like spinach and tomatoes does not destroy the valuable vitamin C, which protects against scurvy. Doctor Eddy believes that it is oxidation rather than heat that affects the vitamins, and vegetables or fruits cooked in cans are exposed to oxygen much less than in open cooking.

A Chrysler For Graduation



How Can Dad Refuse This Son's Business Proposition?

[This is the text of a letter from a schoolboy of which his dad was so proud that he forwarded it to Walter P. Chrysler, President of the Chrysler Corporation. Here is evidence of the high esteem in which the dash and brilliance of Chrysler performance and Chrysler appearance are held by young America.]

WOODBERRY FOREST SCHOOL

Dear Daddy:

I don't know just what my average was last month but I am sure it is going to be much better next month.

I have just got to graduate and Dad, you're going to let me have a Chrysler roadster for my graduation, Christmas, birthday and every other kind of present for year to come, from the whole family.

I know you're mighty fine even to let me have a flivver and I appreciate it.

M. was over mid-winter you know. Everything went hotsy-totsy and she's going to be right here for the finals. That's why I want the Chrysler so bad.

M. . . . 's a real beaut, Dad, and a girl like her has just naturally got to have the best. Why she would look so out of place in one of those sawed-off lizzies as the Queen of Sheba would upon a mule.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not sneezing at your offer of a flivver or getting high-hat. I've a little business proposi-

tion I want to make to you. With a Chrysler of my own I can sell enough of them while I'm running around the state this summer to pay you the difference between the flivver and the Chrysler.

Send me up one of those dream cars and my greatest pleasure will be demonstrating. I'd almost as soon brag about those little gray boats as about M. Come to think of it they're much alike—beautiful, gentle, vivacious, graceful.

You don't have to be a real salesman to sell Chryslers—all you have to do is to make the people realize the difference between the Chrysler and others. If they have the jack they can't help themselves. They just have to buy.

I am sure I can sell some this summer. If I fail you can dispose of the roadster this fall and not be out more than the price of a flivver.

Please, Dad, let me try. All my dreams of a wonderful finals centers around the Chrysler. Love to all.

David

CHRYSLER "70"

CHRYSLER "70"—Phaeton, \$1395; Coach, \$1395; Roadster, \$1525; Sedan, \$1545; Royal Coupe, \$1695; Brougham, \$1745; Royal Sedan, \$1795; Crown Sedan, \$1895. Disc wheels optional.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All models equipped with full balloon tires.

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles Per Hour

Ask about Chrysler's attractive time-payment plan. More than 4300 Chrysler dealers assure superior Chrysler service everywhere.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Federal patented car numbering system, pioneered by and exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

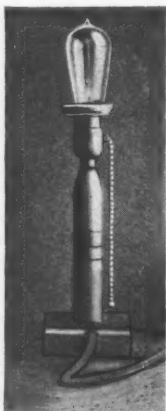
To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below



26th Weekly \$5.00 Award

Member William Kerr (18) of Lee, Mass., is the recipient of the 26th Weekly Award for a lamp ingeniously constructed from a one-pound army rapid-fire shell.

Member Kerr mounted the shell by means of bolts to a brass base four inches square, through the side of which a hole was bored and bushed for the insertion of the necessary wiring. If the fuse plug at the tip of the shell is removed, an ordinary brass bushing three-eighths of an inch in diameter forms the means of connecting the ordinary pull-chain electric light socket to the shell. Here then were the three elements assembled—the shell which acts as the body, fastened to the brass base and having fastened to it by means of the bushing the pull-chain socket. Member Kerr made no recommendation regarding the type of shade, which may, of course, be altered to suit the taste of the constructor and of the ladies in his family.



The Secretary's Notes

SCARCELY had our prediction regarding Lab representation in the Far East been made when it was fulfilled. By the time these words reach you, the probability is excellent that Leland, Walden and Clayton Howard of Canton Christian College, Canton, China, will be duly enrolled as Associate Members of the Lab. Their application blanks have just been received.

Science is international. Just as mathematics is the universal language understood in every part of the world, so is science the habit of thought by which the American, the Frenchman, the Chinese and the Japanese can meet on terms of mutual understanding. There is no reason why the Y. C. Lab cannot flourish as extensively among all readers of its official journal in China as in any other country. We want no national boundaries to hinder the scope of the idea. Let's make another prediction and see if that will come true: it will only be a short time now before Membership applications are received from the Levant.

Applications continue unabated. The Director, Governors, Councilors and your Secretary have been doing their best to keep their heads above the flood. Naturally, we are somewhat behind in the examination of projects for Associate Membership, but it should be no more than a few weeks longer before we are able to report to you on the newest additions to Membership. Unfortunately, it may be impossible for us to publish the complete set of names of Associate Members much longer. They would take the whole page. But the names of Associates promoted to full Membership will always appear.

Membership Coupon

The coupon below will bring you full information regarding Membership in the Y. C. Lab. It is a National Society for Ingenious Boys interested in any phase of electricity, mechanics, radio, engineering, model construction, and the like. Election to Associate Membership makes any boy eligible for the Special, Weekly and Quarterly Awards of the society, entitles him to receive its bulletins and to ask any question concerning mechanical and construction matters in which he is interested; free of charge. The cost of these services to non-members ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars. To Associates and Members there are no fees or dues of any kind.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name
Address

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

How to Make Real Bows and Arrows

By E. W. Frentz
Councilor, Y. C. Lab

Part II. Continued from May 13

WE made two kinds of arrows to go with the bows already described in my report from the Y. C. Lab at Melrose, Mass. The target shafts we planed out by hand from square sticks of Alabama pine twenty-eight inches long and three eighths of an inch square. We went to a lumber yard and overhauled about two thousand feet before we found just what we wanted—a plank that was straight-grained on both the face and the edge, and with just the right amount of pitch. It had to be fine-grained, with no wide pitch layers. After cutting it into lengths, we slit it on the circular saw to three eighths of an inch square.

Our next need was a "shooting-board"—a wooden surface-plate grooved to hold the shafts while we rounded them. The short cut to that was to joint the edges of two thirty-inch pieces of two-by-three timber and plane a 45-degree corner from one edge of each. When we had glued the planed edges together we had a plank with a straight 45-degree V-shaped groove. (Fig. 3.) A brad driven into the middle of the groove near one end made a stop. With the shooting-board we could set one of the square sticks in the groove and plane off one corner after another till the stick was octagon. Then with a sharp smoothing-plane set fine we took off the eight corners and left the shafts as nearly round as we could.

Here we took a leaf out of the book of our Indian predecessors. One of the Smithsonian reports that form a part of our Lab library contains pictures of Indian arrow-makers' rubstones—pieces of sandstone with a groove on one side in which they rubbed the shafts back and forth. Although we had neglected to lay in a supply of Indian rubstones, we had the aborigines beaten just the same. We took a piece of rock maple an inch square and about five inches long and drilled a 3/8-inch hole through it, lengthwise. Then we sawed the stick in two down the middle of the hole. That gave us two wooden "rubstones" that needed only to be lined with sandpaper to do business. We laid a piece of sandpaper on the shaft, pressed the grooved stick down over it till the paper fitted, and by holding the stick and the sandpaper together and rubbing them back and forth lengthwise got our shafts as round as a drill and as smooth as a peeled onion. These being for target arrows, we worked them down to 5/16 of an inch in diameter.

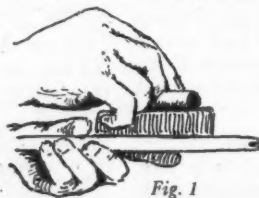


Fig. 1

For heads, we used uncrimped steel jackets made for the 30-calibre government cartridge. Don't confuse the jackets with shells. The jacket is the steel casing into which the bullet is swaged. You can get them unswaged from any of the big ammunition companies for \$2.50 a hundred.

The shafts for the roving and hunting arrows need no description, for we used 3/8-inch birch dowels, which anyone can buy at a furniture factory or from a cabinet-maker or a lumber dealer. Such arrows have to stand a lot of grief, for we shoot them anywhere and at every kind of mark; so they must be sturdy.

Of the roving arrows, we made some with blunt heads and some with sharp points. For the blunt heads we used the shells of 38-calibre revolver cartridges that had been fired. Into each empty shell we dropped one

buckshot and hammered it flat with a piece of steel rod.

For hunting heads we bought 3/8-inch Shelby steel tubing, cut it into inch lengths with a hack saw, flattened about half an inch of one end by "squatting" it in the jaws of the vise, and into the flattened end soldered a diamond-shaped blade made by cutting one-inch strap steel diagonally.

The nocks of all the arrows we made in the same way, by cutting them a quarter of an inch deep with a flat file that has a rounded edge and two "safe" sides. We were now ready for the most delicate part of the business, which is feathering.

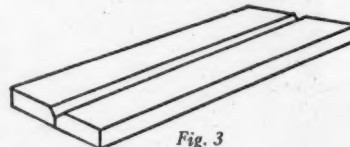


Fig. 3

And here we part company with the ancients. In Robin Hood's time, and for five hundred years afterward, the "gray goose" was supposed to furnish the only feathers fit for fletching the shafts of English arrows. But they didn't have turkeys in England in those times, and so Robin never had a chance to learn that the wing feathers of our national bird are better than those of the gray goose of song and story. We use nothing else. When we plan to make up a batch of arrows we send over to a feather company in New York and get a pound or two of turkey wing feathers—one dollar and a half a pound for the barred, two dollars for the white.

Our method of feathering is our own device, and I doubt if it can be improved upon for ease or accuracy. We first cut the feather into lengths of about two and a half inches, and keep only two, or at most three, cuts from the middle portion. We then split the quill lengthwise and set the half that carries the broad vane in the clamp, an indispensable tool that we made from an ordinary 2 1/2-inch paper clip, by bending the jaws until all that part of them outside the spring was in contact, and by soldering two pieces of thin sheet steel to them. (Fig. 4.)

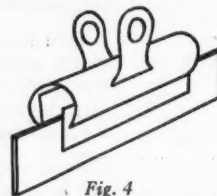


Fig. 4

Into one of these clamps we put the feather, the vane between the jaws and the quill resting on the edge of them. With a sharp and rather coarse file we cut down the quill till it presents a smooth, flat surface at right angles to the vane. Then, with a knife as sharp as a razor, we trim the projecting side of the quill to the level of the steel face of the clamp. The feather is ready. (Fig. 1.)

While we are cutting feathers, one of the boys has been sizing that portion of the shafts where the feathers are to go. He does it by dipping his thumb and forefinger into thin, hot glue and rubbing the shaft briskly, to coat it.

Putting on the feathers is no trick at all. Holding the feather in the clamp, we dab the surface of the quill on the edge of the glue brush, press clamp and all down on that part of the shaft where the feather belongs, hold it there four or five seconds, then open the clamp and remove it. But don't forget

(1) That all three feathers on any one arrow must come from the same wing, either right or left; and

(2) That one feather, known as the cock feather, must stand at right angles to the bow string when the arrow is nocked, and the other two be equally distant from that one and from each other. The three should stand like spokes 120 degrees apart. (Fig. 2. "A" is the cock feather.)

Having nothing more to do to the arrows except to paint them between the feathers and put on the "ribands," or colored bands, by which the archer recognizes his shafts at sight, we turned to the job of making strings, of which we shall tell you later.



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

Proceedings Of Y. C. Experimental Lab At Wollaston, Mass.

March 30:

Began boarding up a remaining section of the dark room, a project which we never finished.

But now it is warm enough to keep solutions in it, and we can work in it quite comfortably. Cleaning it out was almost as difficult a job as tearing down a circus tent.

Finished a life mask which we made of Cabot Sedgwick, who posed for us last Saturday—our first outside sitter. Made this on a wooden plaque, and it looked very "professional" after the wood had been stained and the mask had been painted.

April 1:

Built a door for the dark room. Began putting the steel on the hood sills of Cinderella—about the fussiest job we've had with the heavy steel. We must have sounded like a gang of bridge riveters on a busy day. Got the leather for her. It is real leather and Spanish blue. Put the burlap on the springs and made a sort of feeder for the wadding. So we are ready to upholster the seat and back—if we find some kind-hearted lady in the near neighborhood who will donate her sewing machine for the cause of Art.

April 2:

Finished the two hood sills; they are all covered with metal now and ready for the hood sides, which are not like those of standard cars. Also finished the door to the dark room.

April 3:

Pitched right into a job we've been putting off—one of those "well, we'll do it sometime" jobs. This was fitting the gooseneck pipe from the radiator shell to the radiator. Made some measurements and then plunged the drill into the brass—hoping that the funny-looking cap would stick up through it in place. It did. Soldered everything as solidly as we could. Now the eagle spreads his wings above our delightfully pointed radiator. How speedy it looks!

Wish we were as proud of the other end. The extreme peak of the torpedo has too many buckles in it. It resists the hammer and everything else. We'll tackle it some day when we are fresh—and the steel isn't.

Made the first side panel for the hood. Too small—so we built another. Steel is funny. When you start to fold it, it grows smaller. The second one is a good fit. Next we have to cut three oval holes in it for vents. Oh, oh, oh! What a job for the drill.

HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY
Councilor, Y. C. Lab.

Questions and Answers

Will you please tell me the quickest way to remove paper from cigar-box wood. Laurence E. Strong, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Answer by Mr. Shumway: A very satisfactory way to remove paper from cigar boxes is to steam it by holding it near the nozzle of a kettle full of boiling water. Do a small section at a time, peeling the loosened paper off with a knife blade. This is fairly quick, and takes the paper off clean, so that the box needs very little sandpapering afterwards. Of course, where the brand has been pressed into the box with a die, that must be taken off with plane and sandpaper.

Would it be possible to take a small magnifying lens and a flashlight reflector and have some way of leading the sun's heat or rays to heat a boiler? Dorus Macy, Quincy, Ind.

Answer by Mr. Young: In order to use the sun's rays as a direct source of power, it is necessary to use very large reflectors to get even a small amount of power. Lots of people have tried to make a success of this idea, but none have been very successful. The cost of keeping reflectors in good shape was more than the amount of energy obtained was worth. Of course, if, in the future, other indirect sources of energy, like fuels, approach exhaustion, a great deal more thought will undoubtedly be given to such a problem, and means may some day be found for solving it more satisfactorily. But the cost of producing energy will have to rise a very great deal to make such an apparatus economically feasible.

A Summer Job That Pays

By F. WILLIAM BANG

I AM the younger son in our family. For four years I have tried to earn money to meet my personal expenses and to save up for my college education. I am now in my last year at high school. Four years ago, by doing garden work for some of our friends, I earned \$5.00 a week, or \$70.00 for the season.

I decided, as I grew older and my expenses mounted, to find some occupation that I could carry on all the year round, in spare moments. My mother is a teacher of manual training, and I have perhaps inherited from her some dexterity in my fingers and a certain amount of ability to design things. My first real start was making ship models.

The first model of which I could be at all proud was an Elizabethan galleon—a ship of the same period as the Mayflower. It won the first \$5.00 prize of the Y. C. Lab, and its picture was published in The Youth's Companion. This little model, as I look back on it, was crude; not at all equal to the beautiful, professional models made by such a Lab Member as Albert F. Bird, for example. But it was the best I could make with scanty materials and few tools. It served its purpose. Among other things, it qualified me for election as the first Member of the Y. C. Lab, and I sold this model afterwards. After its publication in The Youth's Companion, I received several letters from a lady in Canada with an order to make a Mayflower model.

I next tried my luck at miniature (puppet) theatres. I knew of a school that wanted one, and I picked up some odds and ends of mouldings and boards and made it. My next attempt was better, and after changing a few dollars into materials and enamel I submitted it to the Y. C. Lab and was lucky enough to win the first Quarterly Award of \$100.00, which is to help me through college. This theatre afterwards sold for \$15.00. I have made ten theatres and have sold them for from \$10.00 to \$35.00 each.

All this work takes a long time, however, especially if you have no power machinery of any kind, and it can only be a way for a boy to pick up small sums from week to week. I want to suggest something of much wider appeal—a summer-camp counselor's job. He can get it, if he knows how and isn't ashamed to start at the foot of the ladder as an aid, or a kitchen helper.

There are boys' camps all over America. They are often swamped with applications from boys who just want to ride along, somehow, as "passengers." Every camp proprietor knows how to detect these bogus applications and how to throw them into the waste basket. If you don't mean business, don't apply. If you aren't willing to work long and hard and faithfully, every hour in the day, don't apply. If you are writing an application, space your letter correctly on the page. Write clearly. Be as brief as you can, but state fully what you can do in the line of sports, or woodcraft, or handicraft, or cooking, or kitchen help.

Give real references and a statement of your previous experience.

To get the real scope of camp work, you can get books at the public library; and the librarian may also show you one of the camp annuals, which give complete lists of the camps in America. Naturally, if you can afford to pay your way at camp, do so. If not, try for a job.

I followed this course and wrote in June,



"It pays to advertise every kind of work you can do," says Bang

1924, asking for an interview with the head of Camp Wampanoag, in Massachusetts. This seemed a rather bold request, as I had never done anything but garden work, and was only sixteen years old. But we must not be shy, or we will never get anywhere. I did not aspire high; I applied as kitchen help; but this is as good a place to begin as any. I got a favorable answer; I was told to report on June 26 to help put the camp in order.

I arrived at the camp. It was just as if I had come to a foreign country, because I didn't know anyone. The fellows were all very friendly, however, and you will find in nearly all camp life a spirit of friendliness not common in other occupations.

The day of assigning jobs came, and to my surprise I was asked to be a sort of aid to the counselor who had charge of the shop. This came about because I had shown a little handiness with hammer and saw. This brings up an important point: it pays to advertise every kind of work you can do.

As the days passed, the shop director was sorry to find that he could not stay the whole season because he had to report for military training. That was my luck in disguise, for now the whole job of keeping the sloyd shop going became mine. Fortunately, I was able to do it, and we had a successful display of handicraft work on Field Day, which is a feature that most camps have toward the end of their season. An invitation was sent me to come back the next year, and I was glad to accept it.

Now, this case should not be thought unusual, for it is what you might be able to do. It doesn't have to be sloyd work that you are interested in. I can cite one case where astronomy, which we often think of as a professor's job, has been made an interesting camp activity.

Whenever we investigate a job we are naturally interested in the money-making side of it. When a boy says he made \$150.00 last summer it sounds good, but it may not be so much when you find out how he earned it or how much he saved. He may have had to pay his room and board or other living expenses, which will lower considerably the original sum.

In camp life you always get your room and board. The actual salary will vary according to your work. Aids are generally paid \$25.00 and traveling expenses from some near-by point. Of course, a camp in Maine will not hire an aid in California, or vice versa. In some camps the aids have to pay instead of being paid. The salaries of counselors, of whom there are junior and senior, are from \$50.00 to \$250.00.

There are many advantages of a summer in camp. You make friends, live an outdoor life and get a change from the usual way of living. You form new ideas and learn how to get along with other people. The sure proof that camp jobs are worth while is that they are so much sought for.

One point I would suggest about a summer job is: be quick. When an opportunity presents itself, grasp it. There is always stiff competition everywhere. Try to start quicker than the others do. Then their superior talents won't enable them to beat you so badly.

Another point I would leave with you is: get hold of some position, no matter how small it is. By constant study and effort to please you can usually turn a small job into a good big one.

Do your savings earn full pay?



You, too should use this plan to invest your savings at 7%

BUSINESS men and clergymen, farmers and wage earners, teachers and widows—forward-looking men and women in practically every walk of life—have found safety, convenience and profit in our Investment Savings Plan for buying our 7% First Mortgage Bonds.

Under this plan you realize the full earning power of your money immediately. Every payment that you make—\$10, \$20, \$50 or more—earns the full rate of bond interest.

You may use this plan to buy a single \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 First Mortgage Bond by payments extended over 10 months, or to invest systematically over a longer period and thus get compound bond interest.

Every dollar you invest is strongly secured by modern, income-producing city property, and protected by safeguards that have resulted in our record of no loss to any investor in 53 years.

Send your name and address on the form below for our two booklets, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety" and "How to Build an Independent Income," telling the facts you will want to know about 7% Smith Bonds, and showing the results you can accomplish by systematic investment at 7%.

THE F. H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

Smith Building, Washington, D.C.
582 Fifth Avenue, New York

Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Albany Minneapolis

NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN 53 YEARS

Name..... 88-A

Address.....

CHAPPING - SORES

One treatment soothes the irritation and starts the healing if you use

Resinol

The Hayes Method for Asthma and Hay-Fever

The Recognized Standard of Successful Treatment
For particulars of the Hayes Method and reports of cured cases, young and old, address P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y., asking for Bulletin Y-252.

Wear Freeto Shoes that Resist Wear

They sawed a Freeto Shoe in two at the Y. C. Lab and found out just how it is made and of what material. The results were published in a full page advertisement in the Youth's Companion April 8th.

Many persons have bought Freeto Shoes in answer to this advertisement and letters come back expressing complete satisfaction. One customer writes: "They are much better shoes than I expected for the price." All Freeto Shoes are made to our own specifications and every shoe is equal to the shoe tested and approved by the Y. C. Lab.

PRICES

Little Boys' (brown) high or low, sizes 9 to 13, \$3.50.
Larger Boys' (brown) high or low, sizes 1 to 5, \$3.85.
Men's, black or brown, high or low, sizes 6 to 11, \$4.85.

Sent parcel post paid anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. If you do not know your size, give length of foot; also outline of foot drawn on a sheet of paper with pencil held straight upright.

Turn back to your Youth's Companion of April 8, 1926, and see the full page advertisement with Y. C. Lab approval.

If you want the biggest shoe value ever offered answer this advertisement. Send money order or check. Do not send bills or coin.

John F. Freeto Co.
109 Beach Street, Boston



EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the third of our series of articles by boys on how they make money in their spare time. The second was "New Houses For Old," by Eric Elvin of Winthrop, Me., in our May 13th issue. For any true story on this money-making subject, interesting enough to print, we pay at regular Youth's Companion rates. What boy will write the next one?



Something to do - and fun

GOOD tools in your house—and you need never wonder "what to do?" There's no better fun, no better training, than making things with good tools.

Speaking of which, there are no better tools than those of Millers Falls make. They've been that way for nearly 60 years. Here is a fine example—No. 12 Breast Drill, one of our oldest and most popular tools, with many new improvements.



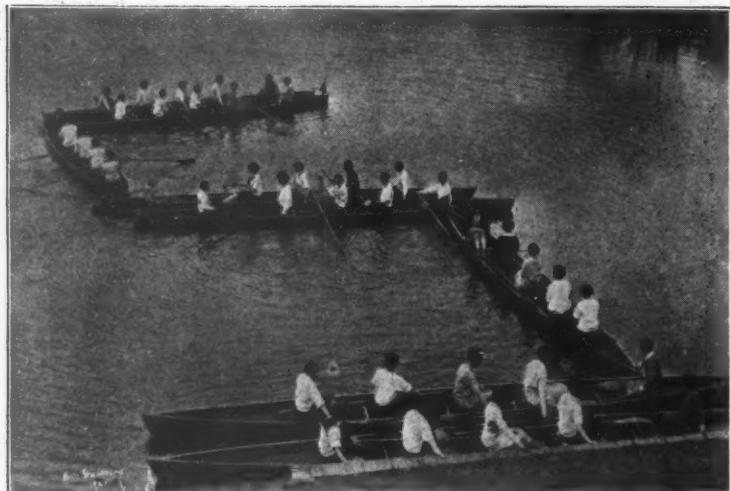
Men who use tools hard often say they can tell Millers Falls tools by the way they work and last. At any rate, you'll find many a pet tool, old in service but still young in ability to serve, has the red and black triangular trade mark that says "Millers Falls Tools—since 1868".

Read all about these fascinating tools in our illustrated complete small catalog. Sent on request—just mention Youth's Companion.

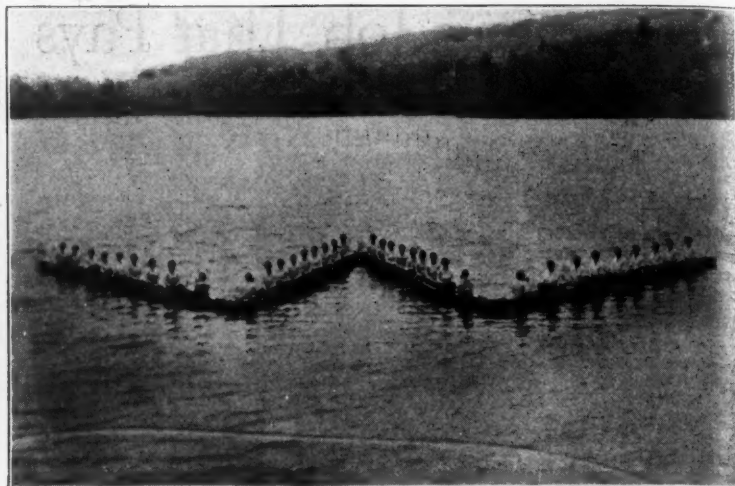
MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
Millers Falls, Mass.



POCKSCOPE Practical 6-power telescope. Fits the vest pocket. Complete with case, \$2.00. At dealer or direct, postpaid. Money back guarantee.
WOLLENSAK OPTICAL COMPANY
797 Hudson Avenue Rochester, N. Y.



AT SMITH—Junior and Senior crews of Smith College in "V" formation



AT WELLESLEY—Four class crews forming the "W" on Lake Waban, which is within the college grounds

Attention Eight!

What the Captain of the Senior Crew at Wellesley Thinks Girls Would Like to Know About Rowing

TO don your tight-fitting white jersey and your scant bloomers and dash down to the boathouse this afternoon for a crew call-out—what could be more delightful? What indeed, with Kathleen Scudder for your captain? She makes a practice of getting there a few minutes ahead of time each day to welcome you and encourage you to be punctual. One tardy oarsman can lose a race, you know. Then to step into the narrow stretch of boat, to feel the oar in your hand, the motion of the water beneath you, the strength of the current resisting you, fighting you, surrendering to you as your boat glides over it! Harmony! Rhythm! Motion! All these combine to give you the glorious thrill of a master oarsman.

Such a thrill is of course known only to the select few, but it comes as the reward for courage and diligence and plenty of good hard work. And if you weigh over one hundred and fifteen pounds, it may come to you. Before you actually make the team it means practice day after day after day; it means giving up that matinee you've been planning for months to see to row on an emergency call-out; it means getting home ten minutes before dinner and having to dress to look your best in no time at all. And after you make the team—there is even more work. Intense and rigid training! If you don't know what that means, the captain says you must not live another day in your ignorance. It is as strict as military discipline, and worth it. Besides, it improves your health and makes you better looking.

Here are the training regulations that go into effect three weeks or more before the race, and woe unto the girl who breaks a single one!

1. Cold plunge every morning before breakfast. Pshaw! You probably do that now.

2. Eight hours of sleep out of every twenty-four. Perhaps that looks easy on the face of it, but the captain says that when you go to bed at 10.30 the night before a psych quiz with only half of your experiments finished and have to stay there and sleep until 6.30 it is not always so easy as you might think.

3. No eating of any kind between meals—no candy, no college ices, no fudge sundaes, no olives, no salted nuts, no anything (except fresh fruit, if you call that eating). If you get to the point where you think that another day without candy is not worth living, you may be allowed two very moderate pieces after dinner instead of your dessert, but the captain says that this practice is discouraged by the Athletic Association. She says it is always a disappointment anyway, because the scrumptious chocolate-covered Brazil nut that you've been saving all day long invariably turns out to be only a chocolate cream after all.

4. Fifteen minutes a day of rest, lying down, taken between twelve noon

and six at night. Simple enough, you think at first, but think again. If you can remember how hard you worked trying to recapture that ten minutes lost in the search for a hair net, you will begin to understand that fifteen extra minutes to a college girl looks like three weeks before vacation to anybody else. Why, college girls can get a check cashed, buy a ticket and catch a train leisurely in two minutes and a half.

Pretty stiff, eh?

But thoroughly worth it. Look at some of the members of the Wellesley Varsity Crew. How strong and healthy they are! How steady! How keen for the bite of the water beneath their oars! What poise they have! What grit! What sportsmanship! Win or lose, what boots it? They are out for the joy of rowing. Eager, healthy, young!

Hear the sharp staccato of the coxswain's commands:

Attention, Eight!
Forward, All!
Ready! Paddle!
1, 2, 3, 4!
Stroke! Stroke!



Kathleen Scudder,
Captain of the Senior
Crew at Wellesley
College

And hear the shouts of classmates on the bank, classmates who are cheering you, who believe in you, who know that you will do your best. You're off! One quarter of a mile to row, and then, perhaps—the cup. Good luck to you, 1926!

Crew Tips

There are more different ways to row than there are drops of water in the ocean. Watch two fishermen in two different dories paddling out through the harbor to their smacks. Their dories look exactly the same, so do their oars. But one pulls his oars through the water with a sort of lazy, swooping motion, and doesn't seem to move his back the least little bit. Still, his boat moves steadily enough, and he looks as if he could keep up that stroke for a long time. But his style is not a suitable model for the girl who wants to make her school or college crew.

Look at the fellow in the other dory. He is younger, and more energetic. He hasn't the look of a veteran seaman about him. He slashes his oar through the water with all his might, and jerks forward toward the stern

as if he were in a frightful hurry. His stroke is a whole lot quicker. You can see the muscles of his arms swelling as his oar buries itself at the catch. But how strange! You notice that he is not keeping up with the old fisherman who is paddling along near him. Why? Surely he is working harder.

The reason that the older man moves his boat along faster than the novice is that he doesn't jerk at any point during the stroke. He is *relaxed*. He does his work in the easiest way. That is the secret of making any boat go fast. In a crew, it is absolutely paramount, for, if every oarsman in the boat pulls and tugs and strains, she will be working against everybody else. If every oarsman rows smoothly and evenly, and keeps her muscles loose, she will be able to fit in with her crewmates after a few days of concentrated practice.

Don't think, on the other hand, that you can row without working. Anybody who has navigated any body of water bigger than a puddle knows that rowing is one of the most strenuous sports in existence. It is for this very reason that you must not make a single unnecessary effort.

And in rowing, an inch is as good as a mile, when it comes to winning races. In a race a quarter of a mile long, for example, a crew that goes an inch farther than its opponent on every stroke will win the race by about five feet. Races are frequently won by smaller margins than five feet.

Never let your rowing grow "sloppy," even if you are out in a rowboat at a summer resort all by yourself, with no one within a mile of you to criticize. The minute you stop caring about how neat your style looks, your boat will lose that precious inch in every stroke. And, race or no race, you will be working much harder than you have to.

Never bend your back, as that old fisherman did. Probably he bent it for the first time one day in a boat when he was about sixteen years old, and never lost the habit since. Now he has rheumatism all winter, and probably couldn't lie on his back on the floor without looking like a rocking chair. If you sit up straight, you will not only avoid the risk of having your friends mistake you for a rocking chair but will be putting just as much weight on your oar as if you were straining every muscle—and more too.

Crew is a pretty good sport, if you don't mind a bit of work. At times it is discouraging. Sometimes you think your shell will never go well. But if you wait long enough, and try hard enough, a day will come when you hit it right, and zip along more smoothly and more rapidly than you ever believed was possible. On that day, you will have changed from four or six or eight girls rowing by accident in the same boat to a crew. And when that moment comes, it will be one of the most thrilling, altogether satisfactory moments in your whole life.

And don't forget that the greatest moment in any oarsman's life is when you cross the finish line ahead!

HOW TO ROW

1. Drive hard with the legs and square the shoulders at the finish.
2. Pull straight over the keel. Don't lean sidewise.
3. Relax on the recovery. When your oar is out of the water, you should be saving your strength for the next stroke.
4. Don't bend your arms too soon on the "pull through." If you put the weight of the stroke on your back and legs, your arms will bend naturally.



The Varsity crew at Wellesley

Fashions for The Young Girl

A Few Finishing Touches



Tie and belt



Change purse



Capeskin gloves

YOU know they say now that the important thing is not what kind of costume you wear, but what you wear with it. The finishing touch is the all-important consideration, and so I am showing you some of the newest and most attractive finishing touches that Filene's has to offer.

Narrow little leather belts are very fashionable, and it is desirable to have them match your pocket-book whenever possible; so I picked out a good-looking pocket-book, with a belt to match. It costs \$3.50, is made of leather with a tan moiré lining, and it has a center change purse and a mirror and a leather strap with a gold frame. It comes in red, with black trimmings and gold leather piping, or in tan with green trimmings and gold leather piping. The belts that go with it are suede laced with gold or silver, and they cost \$1. The colors are tan with gold, brown with gold, blue with silver, black with silver. The lengths are 34 to 44 inches, and the width is one half-inch.

Another important finishing touch is the two-tone crêpe de chine tie, priced at \$1.50. It comes in all popular combinations of colors, such as tan and red, Alice blue and tan, Alice blue and gray, Lanvin green and gray, orange and gray, rose and gray. A smart narrow belt to match is very good. The one pictured here is three eighths of an inch wide, and from 34 to 44 inches long. It is suede and costs only fifty cents. The colors are red, green, tan and gray.

Of course we always have to think about jewelry, and some of these things are particularly attractive. How do you like the little rhinestone evening headband, made of fine, flexible silver-color chains, joined by two rows of brilliants? It is really stunning, and the price is \$1.50. Next to it on the left in the picture is a pearl-and-silver necklace for \$1.35. The pearls are spaced about an inch apart the entire length of the necklace. The festoon of seven short pearl-and-silver drops across the front is very effective, and the chain is 17 3/4 inches long. The bar pin directly above it in the picture is made of sterling silver, with brilliants arranged in groups. The price is \$1.50, and the pin is 2 3/4 inches long, with a safety catch. The circular sterling-silver shoulder pin costs \$1. It is very delicate in design and is set with four blue or white stones. It also has a safety catch. The little sterling-silver monogram pin is a little more expensive than the other, as it costs \$2.50, but then it is newer, more fashionable and more individual, since it bears your very own initials. It is pentagonal, square or round in shape, just as you like, and will be made with any three initials you desire. It is three fourths of an inch in diameter. The style tendency is to wear such a pin on your shoulder or your hat. It takes about ten days to have one of these pins made. It can be made in gold plate, if you

wish, and it has a safety clasp.

Gloves are always important. There are three different kinds: some that are being worn are washable fabric, slip-on gloves with saddle stitching in combinations of black with maple, cinnamon, gray, doeskin. They cost \$1.75 and come in sizes 5 1/2 to 7 1/2. Pongee handkerchiefs to go with them cost 29 cents each.

The gloves in the picture by themselves are capeskin with a fancy cuff, with an insert of a contrasting color. One snap at the wrist. The price is \$3.50. They come in gray, maple, ivory, sand, white, tan, beaver. The contrasting inserts in the cuffs are green, blue and red.

Then the suede gloves in the picture, with the little purse and handkerchiefs. The gloves are made of imported French suede in summer weight. They have scalloped tops, cost \$2.50 and may be had in gray, parchment, beige, light mode, dark mode. The sweet

little purse pictured with them is made of soft, fine leather and is a combination handkerchief, key and change purse. It costs \$1.25. It comes in tan, brown, gray, blue and green. Inside it has a key ring or a little compartment for nickels and dimes. There is a tiny square handkerchief of hemstitched chiffon that is slipped into the back of the purse through the slit.

And bracelets! Here are three good-looking ones. The silver-color slave-link bracelet costs \$1. It is made up of large links about seven-eighths of an inch long, joined together by three small links. They are very fashionable. The one at the top to the right is silver plated, with amber-colored jewels. It costs \$2 and is fastened with a fine silver chain, on the ends of which are amber-colored drops. The sterling-silver bangles are \$1 each, similar in design to hammered silver, with a fine line of black on each edge.

Do you like this little fountain pen? It is attached to a narrow moiré taffeta ribbon and is to be worn around the neck. It costs \$1.50 and is 3 1/4 inches long. The colors are amber or green with a small flower decoration, purple or black with a white stripe.

And last I want to show you a chiffon novelty handkerchief—sixty cents and very gay in a combination of popular colors.

About Ordering

If you want any or all of these things, send your check or money order to me. Please mention sizes and colors and inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

Hazel Gray.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street, Boston



Headband, necklace and bar pin



Bracelets



Purse and belt



Shoulder pins



Fountain pen and novelty handkerchief



Y. C. Headquarters at 8 Arlington St., Boston, where we are watching the progress of Y. C. Flyers with the keenest interest.

Midnight June 1

Before another Companion day rolls round the great World-Circling Airplane Race for Gold will come to a close. Only five days remain before the finish on June 1 but they will be the busiest and most exciting of the entire race and the most fun, too.

The bulletin below gives the latest news I could obtain when this number of The Youth's Companion went to press three weeks ago. By the time you read this, however, our Y. C. Pilots will have been driving merrily on to greater and greater distances. So don't be misled. The only safe course is to get every possible subscription, then you will have no regrets.

Think of it! For just a little pleasant

work introducing The Youth's Companion, hundreds of fortunate Y. C. Pilots will soon be lining their pockets with real Gold. Everyone who sends three or more new subscriptions wins a Cash Prize besides his Premiums.

And now "step on the gas" and drive those wonderful planes just a bit faster than they have ever been driven before. Make the most of every precious moment in the few remaining days. I shall be waiting anxiously to congratulate the lucky winners.

Mason Willis.

Commander Y. C. Flying Squadron
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

How the Airplane Race Stood on May 7 With 25 Days to Go

| Pilot No. | Class | Miles | Pilot No. | Class | Miles |
|---|-------------|-------|--|-------|-------|
| 447 Harley Jackson, Connecticut..... | \$100 CLASS | 40000 | 50 Rev. S. G. Hutton, Florida..... | 5000 | |
| 173 Marcus F. C. Flaherty, New York..... | \$75 CLASS | 39000 | 225 Gail C. Riggs, West Virginia..... | 5000 | |
| 1018 Mrs. Leanna Driftmier, Iowa..... | \$50 CLASS | 34000 | 398 Mrs. Samuel Wacht, Jr., New York..... | 5000 | |
| 589 S. A. Yelland, Alberta..... | \$40 CLASS | 31000 | 1112 Ruth Doty, Tennessee..... | 5000 | |
| 500 Virginia Marvin, New York..... | \$30 CLASS | 24000 | 393 Randall Young, Rhode Island..... | 4000 | |
| 405 James Hannah, Jr., California..... | \$20 CLASS | 16000 | 44 Iva L. Savery, Massachusetts..... | 4000 | |
| 587 James Bockoven, Arizona..... | \$15 CLASS | 16000 | 321 Mildred Van Valkenburgh, Florida..... | 4000 | |
| 392 Arthur Wermuth, Illinois..... | \$10 CLASS | 9000 | 883 William Rethorst, Iowa..... | 4000 | |
| 1353 Joe Dougherty, Virginia..... | \$5 CLASS | 9000 | 834 Emily Carpenter, Maine..... | 4000 | |
| 20 B. A. Billings, Vermont..... | \$5 CLASS | 9000 | 423 Edward M. Vickers, Ohio..... | 4000 | |
| 448 Paul Meredith, Michigan..... | \$5 CLASS | 8000 | 503 Fraser Thompson, California..... | 4000 | |
| 1293 Edward B. Higgins, Ontario..... | \$5 CLASS | 8000 | 124 Robert F. Johnston, Ohio..... | 4000 | |
| 1227 Walter C. Johnson, New York..... | \$5 CLASS | 8000 | 1054 Elmer Santisteban, Indiana..... | 4000 | |
| 296 Rhonda Elrod, North Carolina..... | \$5 CLASS | 7000 | 735 John R. Burnett, New Hampshire..... | 4000 | |
| 27 Mary L. & Charles F. Ulrich, Pa..... | \$5 CLASS | 7000 | 113 O. E. Jr., & Charles R. Irish, Ohio..... | 4000 | |
| 86 Lois Auten, New Jersey..... | \$5 CLASS | 7000 | 333 Edwin Pope, Missouri..... | 4000 | |
| 1365 Marjorie Kirk, Oklahoma..... | \$5 CLASS | 7000 | 643 James Buffington, Nebraska..... | 4000 | |
| 1629 Mrs. May E. Mitchelson, Conn..... | \$5 CLASS | 7000 | 161 Raymond W. Schult, Massachusetts..... | 4000 | |
| 127 Jessie H. Delano, New York..... | \$5 CLASS | 7000 | 684 Howard McDonald, Canada..... | 4000 | |
| 1365 D. Earl Archibald, New Brunswick..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 182 John E. Musgrave, Illinois..... | 4000 | |
| 387 John Sabine, Massachusetts..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 178 Sherwood Murray, Vermont..... | 4000 | |
| 1282 Chloe Deaton, Arkansas..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 237 Edmund F. Cushman, Florida..... | 4000 | |
| 738 Arthur Brown, Illinois..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1306 Randolph Barrows, Connecticut..... | 4000 | |
| 978 Eugene H. Guthrie, Pennsylvania..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1431 George H. Seacord, California..... | 4000 | |
| 183 Louise I. West, Massachusetts..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 472 Ruth McWhorter, New York..... | 4000 | |
| 512 Hermon King, Idaho..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1182 Robert L. Whitney, Maine..... | 4000 | |
| 1177 Mrs. W. H. Stowell, Arkansas..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 103 M. K. Huston, Pennsylvania..... | 4000 | |
| 696 Gibson Shaw, Pennsylvania..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 895 Guy R. Neely, Oregon..... | 4000 | |
| 1753 Prentiss Childs, Massachusetts..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 2 Roger D. Schofield, Vermont..... | 4000 | |
| 588 Fraser S. Knight, Florida..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 682 Frances Johnston, Arkansas..... | 4000 | |
| 927 Julia Van Der Velde, Alberta..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1290 Ray Smith, Ohio..... | 4000 | |
| 506 Junior Minear, Illinois..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1662 Esther Deckard, Indiana..... | 4000 | |
| 1083 Donald Stixrood, Minnesota..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1151 Roy Whitacre, Illinois..... | 4000 | |
| 296 Lester Carlton, Nebraska..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1325 George Wentworth, N. H..... | 4000 | |
| 576 P. W. Allison, North Carolina..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1498 Margaret Spencer, Pennsylvania..... | 4000 | |
| 196 Allen Woolf, Nebraska..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1603 Thornton Hinkle, Ohio..... | 4000 | |
| 102 Charles O. Bradstreet, Connecticut..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 1720 Emma Wheeler, Connecticut..... | 4000 | |
| 694 Blanche Wilson, Indiana..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 8 Joseph E. Crocker, Maine..... | 3000 | |
| 123 Robert Ingersoll, Illinois..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 72 Earl T. Palmer, Missouri..... | 3000 | |
| 1405 Kenneth Marks, Alberta..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 366 Betty Kleinsorge, Oregon..... | 3000 | |
| 77 Edith Thomas, South Carolina..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 149 Albert H. Chamberlain, Jr., Mass..... | 3000 | |
| 1140 Thelma Shepperd, Pennsylvania..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 224 Dwight Federlein, Iowa..... | 3000 | |
| 1330 Nettie M. Swartz, North Carolina..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 354 H. E. Matthews, Pennsylvania..... | 3000 | |
| 1449 Shirley Patterson, Washington..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 314 John H. Tompkins, New York..... | 3000 | |
| 984 Walter A. Hoyt, Jr., Ohio..... | \$5 CLASS | 6000 | 476 Arthur J. Trueblood, Iowa..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 214 Anna and Knox Turnbull, N. J..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 423 John E. Mader, Pennsylvania..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 318 Burchard M. Hazen, New Jersey..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 620 H. B. Jones, Jr., Washington..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 433 George V. Carr, Jr., New York..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 1043 Roy H. Hanson, Newfoundland..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 421 Merrick Hindes, Michigan..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 803 Edith Garbutt, Canada..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 697 Lester Miller, North Carolina..... | 3000 | |
| | | | 776 Grace Thomas, Michigan..... | 3000 | |

Important: All orders mailed at your post office up to midnight, June 1, will be counted in the race regardless of the time they reach us. This gives every contestant an equal chance. No matter how distant you are located from us, you may work right up to the very last moment. With your final order be sure to state the total number of subscriptions you have sent during the contest, to check up with our records. Prizes will be awarded on or about June 21.



Price
\$2.75
2 pairs for \$5
West of Rockies or
Canada, \$3
2 pairs for \$5.50

**Everybody's Wild
About Them!**

KANGRU-SPRINGSHU

From 5 years up—every child who has put on a pair of KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS says there's nothing like them for real fun. They can run and jump with them and put new "life" into old games. KANGRU-SPRINGSHUS are perfectly safe.

Ask your dealer for Kangru-Springshus if he is out of them send coupon to us

Littlefield Mfg. Co. 782 N. Halsted St., Chicago
Enclosed is \$... for ... prs. Kangru-Springshus with the understanding that money will be refunded if not satisfactory.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....Weight.....

City.....State.....

Celebrate "4th of July"
America's 150th Anniversary
THE BRAZEL WAY

Get this Assortment Only \$2 Safe and Sure
of FIREWORKS Only \$2 within the Law



BOYS! this outfit is prepared especially to enable you to celebrate a real 4th of July. This wonderful assortment (worth \$3.00 at any retail store) gives a day's fun for the whole family. Consists of 5 packs Chinese Firecrackers, 2 colored firecrackers, 6 Roman candles, 15 bang salutes 3 1/4 inch, 1 early riser bomb, 1 colored star mine, 12 pieces penny night fireworks (assorted), 6 boxes sparklers (10 in a box), 12 pieces nigger chasers, 12 pieces grasshopper, 12 pieces sun of a gun, 12 pieces of ruby lights, 36 pieces of penny snakes in grass (3 boxes), 12 crazy cracker sticks, 12 pieces jump-jacks, 1 piece gattling Kracko, 3 pieces cardboard gattling Tanks and punk. All complete in a neat wood box. You can't beat it for variety, quantity, quality, and price. Order now—don't wait. Fireworks cannot be mailed. Name your express office. We ship same day. Our booklet of celebration goods free. Send for it also. Remittance must accompany order.
BRAZEL NOVELTY MFG. CO.
1809 Ella Street Cincinnati, Ohio

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT
best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices slashed to almost half

2 and it's yours
All late models, completely rebuilt and re-finished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten years. Send no money—We FREE catalog shows actual machines in full color. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. Limited time, at write today.
International Typewriter Co., 186 W. Lake St. Dept. 557 Chicago

30 Days Free Trial
Select from 44 styles, colors and sizes, famous Mead bicycles. Delivered free on approval, express prepaid, at factory prices, from \$21.00 up. If desired, Parents often \$5 a Month advance first deposit. Boys can earn small payments.
wheels, lamps, horns, equipment at half usual prices. Send No money. Write for our marvelous prices and terms.
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
DEPT. B-50 CHICAGO Write us today for free catalog

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no Institute till you get my large FREE book entitled "STAMMERING, Its Origin and the Advanced Natural Method of Treatment." Ask for special tuition rate and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest and best school for stammerers in the world. Write today. Millard Institute of Normal Speech, 2342 Millard Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis. Branch summer school, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

Cuticura Soap
Pure and Wholesome
Keeps The Skin Clear
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

HOW THE FLOWERS GOT THEIR NAMES

Romulus and Remus—and Their Woodpecker

By Lockwood Barr

ROMAN mothers were wont to tell their children bedtime stories about Romulus and his twin brother Remus. These boys were the sons of Mars, god of war, and Silvia, a Vestal virgin. Silvia's brother was so angry at the arrival of the twins that he placed the brawling brats in a wooden bread bowl and cast them into the river Tiber, hoping that would be the last of them.

That was not the end. The wooden trough got stuck in the marshes where Rome afterwards stood. Near the spot was a flourishing fig tree in

which sat a woodpecker. Along came a she-wolf who felt sorry for the hungry babes, and so she suckled them; and the woodpecker brought them seeds from a white wild flower.

THE babes were found by some wandering shepherds who had brought their flocks to water at the river. The wife of one of the shepherds fostered the boys, who in due time grew up to be the leaders of a warlike band of shepherds. Remus was slain in one of their fights, but Romulus founded the city of Rome on the Tiber at the spot where the

bread trough had landed him. He later became the first king of Rome.

The Romans deified the she-wolf as Luperca. Everyone is familiar with the famous statue of the she-wolf suckling the two babes. But the poor woodpecker failed to get himself immortalized, although his part of the story is what interests us.

THAT wild flower from which the woodpecker got the seed for Romulus is called the white lupinus. Among the Greeks and the Romans it was cultivated extensively as fodder for cattle and to plow under to enrich the soil. It was especially useful to them for its round flat seed, which was made into one of their staple foods.

Incidentally, it was the fore-runner of our perennial lupin, which in early summer is covered with long spikes of lovely flowers. And the name lupin is not derived from the Latin word for woodpecker, as it should have been, but comes from the Latin word for wolf.

NEWS!

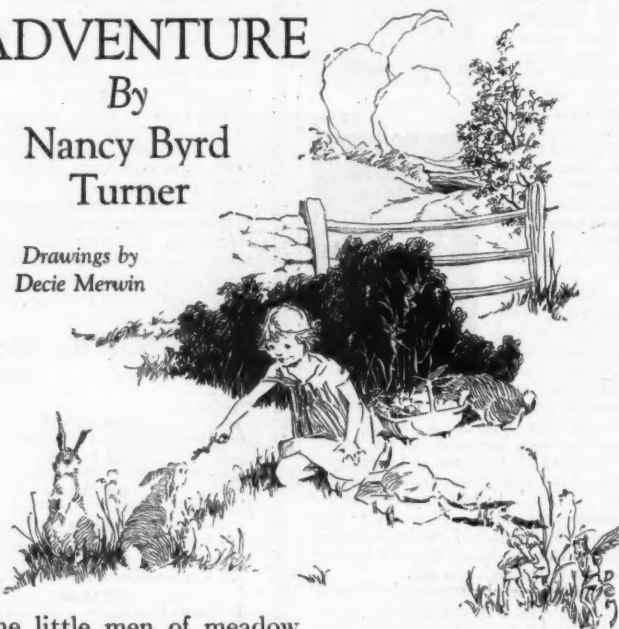
The little spring and summer play, The Planting of the Trees, that appeared on the Children's Page in February, 1922, proved so popular that we have reprinted it in pamphlet form with the music and with suggestions for the stage settings and the costumes. On receipt of fifteen cents in stamps the Editor of the Children's Page will be glad to send the pamphlet to any address.

ADVENTURE

By

Nancy Byrd
Turner

Drawings by
Decie Merwin



The little men of meadow
land,
Said they to me, said they,
"There're bunnies in this
meadow

As swift as any shadow,
With ears of amber velvet
And coats of silver gray;
And if you'll bring some
goodies

And wait a little while
(Don't breathe, don't
smile),

Perhaps you'll see those
bunnies gray,"
Said they to me, said they.

I ran and filled a basket
quick
With carrots pinky-gold
And lettuce green and
crinkly
And apples red and twinkly
And munchy, crunchy tid-
bits,

As full as it would hold,
And put it down, tiptoeing,
And waited very still

Until—until
Across the grass three bun-
nies strolled,
High stepping, light and
bold.

Their tails were soft as
thistledown,
Their coats were silver gray;
They minced along politely
And twitched their noses
slightly,

With amber ears uplifted
In just the loveliest way.
I said, "I never, never
Had really hoped to meet
Bunnies sweet!"
"You never tried until to-
day,"
Said they to me, said they.



STRAWBERRIES

By

Verna Grisier McCully

Somebody has made a mistake,
I have found,
In naming strawberries, be-
cause
Instead of the berries that grow
on the ground
Strawberries should grow
upon straws!

FREE! A MONSTROUS MENAGERIE

The ferocious tiger, the kangaroo, leopard, camel, ant-eater, mule, cat, lion, swan, giraffe, flying horse, screaming eagle, wild elephant, etc. This wonderful packet of hard-to-get stamps—all containing pictures of curious birds, beasts and reptiles—FREE to approval applicants enclosing 5c postage! Big illustrated lists also free—write today!

MYSTIC STAMP COMPANY
Dept. 9 Camden, New York

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET
Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Satan with pitchfork); Barbadoes (chariot and flying horses); Chile (battle scene); Egypt (pyramid and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tula (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c postage packet will be sent. **Free Stamp Co., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo. Important:** If you act right now, we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.

START A STAMP COLLECTION—70 different stamps from 70 different foreign countries, including Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe, West Indies, etc. Our pamphlet which tells "How to make a collection properly," and price list of albums, packets and sets, all for only 16 cts.
Queen City Stamp Co., Room 38, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE 100 ALL DIFFERENT stamps to applicants for Universal Approvals. Postage 2c. **Badger Stamp Co., Milwaukee, Wis.**

200—STAMPS—200
200 all diff. stamps and 500 stamp hinges, only 20c.
MOUNTAIN CITY STAMP CO.,
P. O. Box 335 **Mannington, W. Va.**

Free Premium For Every One
who writes for our United States and foreign approval books and sends his reference. We now have U. S. from one cent to several dollars per item. The stock is limited. **Reliance Stamp Co., Auburndale, Mass.**

ALL AMERICAN PACKET—Canada to Cape Horn. 75c Cat. Val. Mexican Coin. Packet Hinges. All for 10c to those asking for our approvals. **Rio Grande Stamp Co., 416 East Silver Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.**

24 VARIETIES Cuba 10c. Price list free.
Chambers Stamp Co.,
111 W. Nassau St., **New York City**

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE—Big Variety Packet Foreign Stamps from all over the World with stamp Catalogues free for 2c. **Gray Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada.**

10c 4 Liberia including 2 triangles to applicants for approvals. C. G. Meyers, 51 Franklin Ave., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Zanzibar, Abyssinia, Travancore, Herzegovina, Quelimane, Mozambique, Stamps. Menagerie Collection. Album, 10 cents. **Liberty Stamp Co., 3974 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.**

100 diff. French Col. \$2.00; 200 \$3.50; 300 \$1.25; 400 \$2.00. Gomes de Souza, R. Comde Redondo 37, Lisbon, Portugal.

PACKETS—12 diff. Palestine 30c. 20 New Zealand 10c. 12 Belgian Congo 30c. 20 Br. Guinea 40c. 25 West Indies 25c. Many others. **A. C. DOUGLAS, Hawkebury, Ont.**

STAMPS, 105 China, Egypt, etc., 2c. Album (500 pictures) 2c. **A. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A8, Boston**

FREE 101 Diff. Peachy Postage Stamps. Postage 2c. A. C. Johnson, 195 Forest Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

STAMPS, 20 Va. unused free to agents for approvals; good 7c. Postage 2c. **B. R. Grant, Hudson, Mass.**

FREE Sample Stamp & Coin Collector monthly. **Kraus, 409 Chestnut, Milwaukee, Wis.**

First Stamp Issued—Great Britain, 1840—1d. black. \$1.25. **R. H. A. Green, 318 Park Ave., Wilmette, Ill.**

STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. Free. Postage 2c. 1000 hinges 15c. List Free. **Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

Stamps to Stick

APPROVALS

ONE of the trade terms with which the newcomer to philately early comes in contact is "approval sheets." An approval sheet is a sheet of stamps sent by a dealer on approval to a prospective customer who is a collector. The sheets vary in size. A sheet may contain forty or fifty stamps, or possibly only twenty. Under each stamp is placed its selling price.

Suppose a collector finds there are fifty stamps on a sheet. He turns to his album and perhaps discovers that there are twenty of the fifty stamps that he does not already possess. If he cares to, he buys those twenty stamps. Perhaps they are marked, on the sheet, at two cents apiece. Twenty times two is forty. He sends forty cents to the dealer, at the same time returning the sheet with the remaining thirty stamps which he has not removed. The dealer then fills, with fresh stamps, the twenty blank spaces and sends the sheet, on approval, to another collector.

Often a dealer announces that he will sell stamps on the sheet at fifty per cent off, provided the collector will buy more than one dollar's worth from the sheet or sheets which comprise the approval commitment. Thus, if the collector purchases, for example, \$1.40 worth of stamps from the sheets, he sends only fifty per cent of that amount—or seventy cents—back to the dealer, together with the stamps remaining on the sheet or sheets.

The beginner-collector should regard the approval sheet as the secondary method of buying stamps for the album. The first step is to buy a variety-packet of five hundred or one thousand stamps. A thousand-varieties packet may be purchased nowadays from most dealers for \$1.

The second step, then, is in connection with the approval sheet—after the one-thousand varieties have been placed in the correct "blank spaces" in the album. Having properly arranged the thousand varieties, the



This Egyptian commemorative marks the holding of the Twelfth Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition. It is the first time in history that Egypt has printed its own stamps. They were formerly printed in England (rose red)

IN CHARITY'S NAME



Hagen hearing his fortune told (sage green)



Kriemhild and Brunhilde quarreling (purple)



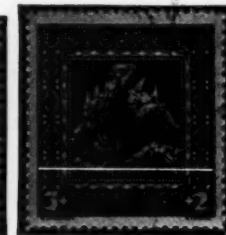
Gunther's ship before Iceland (dark blue)



Gunther greeting Rüdiger (violet)



Hagen overcoming Dietrich (purple brown)



Siegfried and the Dragon (green)

Characters and scenes from the Nibelungenlied, or "Song of the Nibelungs," a noted German epic composed by an unknown poet, late in the twelfth century or early in the thirteenth, on the basis of early German songs and traditions, are illustrated on a charity series which Austria has issued. Each denomination sells at an advance over face value, and in this way Austria enriches your stamp collection and raises money with which to aid suffering children

when he can point to complete sets in his album. Also the album page presents a more attractive appearance to the eye and mind when it contains no "blank spaces." And don't expect to know all there is to know about stamps over night.

DANISH COMMEMORATIVES



(olive green)



(carmine)

Denmark issued her first stamps 75 years ago, and has just issued three new stamps of 10, 20 and 30 ore in value, marked with the dates 1851 and 1926, to commemorate the anniversary

collector finds hundreds of other "blank spaces" yet to be filled. Thousands of stamps may be obtained, at from a half-cent to two cents each, by buying of the moderately priced adhesives on approval sheets.

All this time, of course, the collector should be swapping his duplicate stamps with his chums who are collectors for other stamps not already in his album.

Another good way to buy stamps—after the first thousand varieties are in the album—is to examine dealers' lists for smaller packets which have been arranged by countries. A dealer may offer, for example, at a relatively small price, one hundred varieties of Austria, or thirty varieties of Canada, or eighty varieties of Denmark, or one hundred and fifty varieties of France and its colonies or of Portugal and its colonies. The purchasing of such smaller packets may, indeed, profitably take precedence over purchasing from approval sheets.

The packets that are moderately priced contain, as a rule, only the low-denomination stamps. If a set of a certain year of a certain country contains five low-value stamps and three high-value stamps, the latter three are not likely to be found in the moderately priced packet. The collector will find, as he goes along, that he has a special sense of pride

Some dealers make a practice of sending sheets to inexperienced collectors when the latter have not asked that they be sent. The better dealers, however, consider such tactics not wholly ethical. Also, when a dealer sends sheets that have not been asked for and fails to inclose return postage, he is certainly not giving the collector a square deal. If a dealer purposes to send approvals, he should definitely so state in his advertising; we expect this of our advertisers.

Own a National Album

(New Edition Just Out)

THIS is an album that will make you proud to show your U. S. Collection. Bound in the best grade green cloth, gold stamped, printed on high grade specially made heavy lined paper with attractive border. Contains spaces for every U. S. stamp listed as a major variety in the 1926 catalogue with the exception of match and medicine, and U. S. Possessions. (Includes Postage, Parcel Post, Official, Special Delivery, Newspaper, Postage Due, Envelope, Telegraph, Revenue and Confederate.) Fully illustrated, and every space has catalogue number, making proper mounting easy. \$5.00 at your dealers or direct from the publisher (forwarding, 6 lbs. extra).

PACKET SUGGESTIONS

No. 216, 100 diff. U. S. \$1.00; No. 32, 20 diff. U. S. Telegraph \$1.00; No. 327, United States, 55 diff. revenues, \$2.00; No. 8, 1000 diff. general coll., \$1.25; No. 335 Syria, 12 diff. 25c., No. 334 Lebanon, 12 diff., 25c.; No. 147 Austria 300 diff. 50c.

80-page price list free on request

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO.
1 West 47th Street **New York, N. Y.**

100 DIFFERENT FREE STAMPS

to applicants for Popular Net Approvals, postage 2c.
CHRISTENSEN STAMP CO.

826 Teutonia Ave. **Milwaukee, Wis.**

TIP-TOP

Premium of 50 different, stunning stamps, pocket stamp book, perforation gauge, mm. scale, ruler; good stamp from Kenya & Uganda (cannibal land), Gold Coast, Persia, all for 6 cents to applicants for TIP-TOP STAMP CO., Colorado Springs, Colorado

46 CZECHO SLOVAKIA FREE—40 Different picturesque stamps from this country including Hradshin Castle set, 1920 Allegorical, 1923 President, etc. This splendid packet will be presented to all applicants for our famous Hampshire Approval selections enclosing 3c stamps to cover cost of postage. Do not remit in coin. **Lightbown's, 37 and 39 Osborne Road, Southsea, England.**

500 ALL DIFFERENT ONLY 25c
many unused from British, French, Italian and Portuguese Colonies, Chile, Fiume, Guatemala, Persia, Siam, etc., to all approval applicants. Bargain late free.
VICTORIA STAMP CO., LONDON, CANADA

FREE Hungary Charity No. 565 to 567 and a surprise packet given to those requesting for my 1, 2, and 3c approvals and also my 50% discount and better. **Charles W. Schmidt, P.O. Box 432, Frankford Sta., Phila., Pa.**

FREE 15 diff. Airmail stamps to applicants for First-Class approvals. Reference required. 100 diff. unused stamps from Danzig only 42c. **E. Augustin, Box 752, Milwaukee, Wis.**

STAMPS, coins, curios, photographs; buy, sell and exchange all over the world. Write to interesting people everywhere. Build up your collection. For particulars ask us. **Hobby Shop, P. O. Box 1913, Jacksonville, Fla.**

Dollar Values U. S. \$1.00 Parcel Post. 1922-23; Canada \$1.00 orange. The four stamps cat. \$1.00 for only 20c. **C. A. Townsend, Akron, O.**

FREE 12 scarce Azerbaijan to approval applicants. Largest illustrated Price List in the world 2c. **PENNA STAMP CO., Manor, Pa.**

California gold, \$4 size 27c. \$4 size 53c. 100,000 German Marks & Catalogue 10c. Stamp packets, I handle only the best, send for prices. **N. Shultz, Colo. Springs, Colo.**

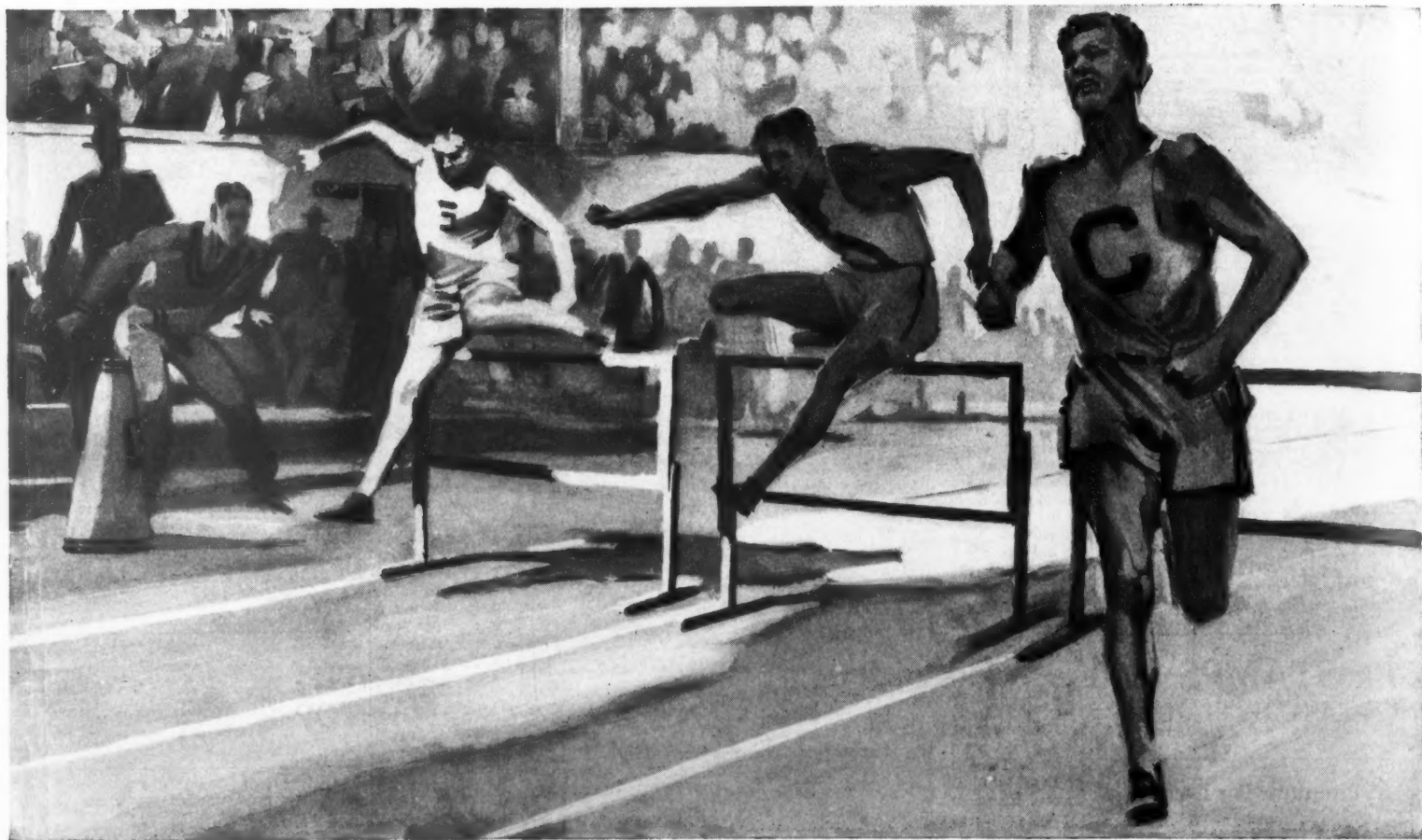
1000 mixed stamps 25c. Album to hold 2000 stamps 60c. All diff. 90c. 500, 35c; 300, 20c; 2000, \$3.75; 3000, \$10.00; hinges 10c. **Michael, 4444 Clifton, Chicago.**

70% DISCOUNT Stamps sent on approval at 70% discount from standard prices. Reference required. **J. Emory Russell, Dept. A9, Hanover, Pa.**

STAMPS 20 Varieties unused free. Postage 2c. **Y. C. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, O.**

50 different Portugal Colonies 10c; 200 different World 10c. **Louis Morrison, Glenolden, Pa.**

200 Different stamps; triangle, Pictorial, etc., only 10c. **R. H. Carlton, 380 W. So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.**



Why is a Winner?

THERE'S a question for you! Something like "How long is a piece of string?" or "How high is up?" But . . . there's a difference! The question we've asked can be answered.

"Why is a winner?" There is bound to be a difference in opinions. Some chaps will say "grit." Others will say quick wit, weight, brawn, agility, and so on down the line. But there's one greatly more important than all these . . .

The greatest asset!

It doesn't make much difference how fast you are, or how much grit you have . . . without splendid physical condition, these other qualities are practically a dead loss. Picture a miler, for instance, trying to survive the grind when he isn't in good condition. Or figure how long an unconditioned football team could stand up under a battering, body-wearing attack. Boy, it just can't be done!

Of course, a winner has to excel in his particular game. But more than that, he needs the strength, the energy, the endurance to allow his skill full scope, unhindered by any physical drawbacks. Vigorous, virile, top-notch physical condition. That's what counts! That's what makes a winner!

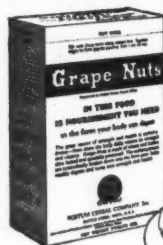
Just as fine physical condition is most important for a winner, so the proper food is perhaps most important to fine physical con-

dition. To keep you in first-class trim, your body needs certain vital elements. These vital elements are obtained from the foods you eat. No one food gives you all that are necessary. But some foods give you much . . . others little.

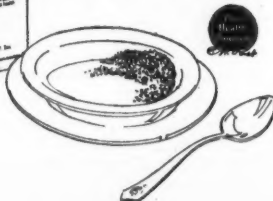
Here's a great food!

Grape-Nuts is a food for fellows who value energy and health, if ever there was one! It supplies to your body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates. These produce heat and energy. It provides iron for the blood; phosphorus for bones and teeth; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.

Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts gives you an admirably balanced ration—contributing to your body vital elements it requires for vigorous good health and physical condition. And Grape-Nuts certainly has a great flavor.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate . . . and . . . Malted Grape-Nuts, chocolate-flavored, a most delicious milk food-drink. Try one at the nearest soda fountain.



It is so delicious that millions of American boys eat it every day.

Grape-Nuts undergoes a special baking process which makes it easily digestible. It is a crisp food, a food you will enjoy chewing. Proper chewing gives the teeth and gums the exercise they must have to keep them firm and sound.

If you haven't tried Grape-Nuts yet, you've missed a real treat. Have your Mother get a package from the grocer today, or accept the free offer below.

Free Offer

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

Grape-Nuts will help you to be a winner, not only in school games, but in the game of Life itself. In that, too, physical condition is the thing that counts! Clip the coupon, now!

© 1926, P. C. Co.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC.
Battelle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd.
45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario